THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 21, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

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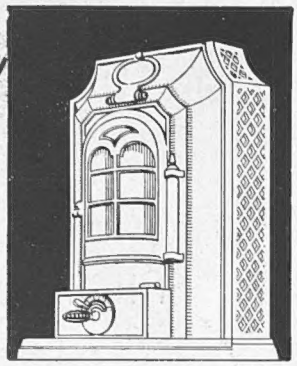

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The Bystander, September 21, 1932

No. 1501. Vol. CXV

The BYSTANDER

Peter North

THE HON. LADY CHICHESTER

A new portrait of the wife of Sir Edward Chichester, who is Lord Deramore's only daughter. Lady Chichester is well known in the greyhound-racing world, and owns several greyhounds

OUT and ABOUT

Society Portraiture

In London and the Country: Two Ex-Débutantes

Miss Jane Noel

Above: Miss Jane Noel is the elder daughter of the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Noel, and a first cousin of the young Earl of Gainsborough. The Hon. Mrs. Noel succeeded to Pitkerro House, Forfarshire, on the death of her father, Brig.-Gen. A. C. Douglas Dick, of Pitkerro. Miss Noel spends a good deal of her time in the country, as her other home is Campden House, Gloucestershire

Photographs: Bassano

The Hon. Eileen Brougham

Left: A new portrait of Lord Brougham and Vaux' only sister, who is twenty this year. Her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Brougham, is a sister of Lord Alington; her father died in 1927, just before her brother succeeded to the title. The Hon. Eileen Brougham lives in London, and is one of the most attractive of the ex-débutante set

THE PASSING HOUR: "The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Left: H.R.H. Prince George says good-bye to his Biarritz friends, at the Chambre d'Amour, before starting for England. He is shaking hands with Marques de Portago

Back in London

Mme. de Peña, who has been out at Biarritz, arrives at her hotel and meets the camera before entering

Good-bye to All Those . . .

WELL, I have returned from abroad with what, I think, is *the* story of the year, at least as far as drinking is concerned. We were dining in a restaurant of a small provincial French town and ordered a bottle of claret—Château Leoville, 1923. When the bottle arrived, our host looked at the label and pointed out to the waiter that he had brought '24, instead of '23. "Yes, Sir," explained the waiter, in all seriousness; "we have no more 1923, but this is *January* 1924!"

THERE is no doubt about it, the Lido made a very remarkable come-back this year, ousting Antibes, Cannes, Biarritz, and all the other resorts from the premier position of smartness. Maybe the golf course had something to do with it. Maybe it was because money talks. The fact remains that the biggest and best parties were given there and the beach was crowded with famous silhouettes.

LADY DIANA ABDY, who was Lady Diana Bridgeman, was there. Lady Bridget Poulett made her appearance. Adolphe Menjou has just shown up. The garages are stuffed with the largest and most opulent Rolls-Royces. Lady Diana Cooper and her husband motored back last week. With them was Lady Brecknock. General Trotter was also on board, for it was the day the Prince flew back from Paris on his way home from Biarritz.

Miss Monica Strickland is a grand-daughter of Mr. Walter Charles Strickland of Sizergh Castle, Westmorland, and a distant cousin of Lord Strickland, who now owns Sizergh. She and her sister, Countess Lubienska Bodenham, are co-heiresses to twelve baronies

THE International Motor Boat races at Venice have had something to do with the prolonging of the Season, just as the golf competitions have kept people on at Le Touquet. The Duke of Spoleto is at Venice, and there were nearly a hundred entries for the event. The Duke of Alba has also gone to Venice from his beloved St. Moritz.

IT is interesting to note, by the way, that if you now write to any Spanish grandee in Spain and address the letter to him with his title, it will be returned "not known"! This happened yesterday to a friend of mine, who had written a thank-you letter to the Marquis de Torrisoto, with whom he had been spending a week at his place near Jerez. The Marquis, who, as the head of a famous sherry house, employs a great

deal of labour, and therefore cannot be bullyragged so much as other titled Spaniards, still has his crest on his car, and refuses to hide any of his Royal gifts.

FOREIGN holiday resorts have broken through many of their best-loved traditions this season in order to make themselves more attractive to visitors. Five-franc roulette at Monte Carlo has filled some of the local die-hards with horror, although, on the whole, the experiment has proved quite successful.

At Carlsbad, those visitors who find the water cure a little too stringent are being allowed by the doctors to substitute a glass of sherry for the water twice a day. Incidentally, why not "wine cures" instead of the ordinary water kind? A fortnight at Jerez or Beaune should attract a good many "invalids" if they were offered a treatment of that kind!

CAPS are to be more popular with the outdoor sportsman this winter—and considerably gayer than before, what is more. Recently they have almost ousted the béret from favour at Cannes—a fashion set by Maurice Chevalier, who drove along the Croisset every afternoon in a very big pale-blue cap that made him look rather like a large-sized edition of Jackie Coogan.

ONE of the best-known Paris dress houses is bringing the movie-camera to their aid in showing the autumn collections to their clients. When the customer comes in she is shown into a luxurious little theatre, where all the new models are shown her on the screen in about half an hour. She makes a note of those she likes best, and sees them actually on the mannequins in the show-room later. This not only saves time and mannequins, but keeps the original models fresh and new-looking much longer.

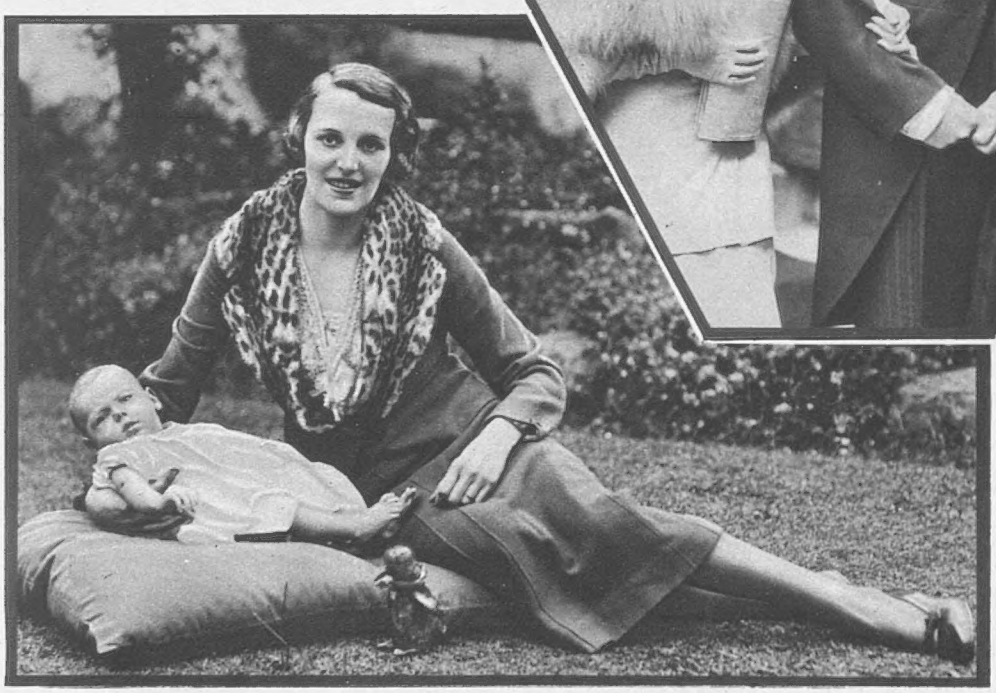
Right: Miss Rennie, Mrs. J. R. B. Cramsie, Miss Evelyn Rennie, and Mrs. Curzon-Howe at the Gymkhana in aid of the League of Mercy, which was held last week at Membury, Ramsbury, Wilts

A Quartette at

Above: A good joke at North Berwick: Miss Lulu Esmond photographed with Miss Pamela Deuchar before she came South to play in the Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges

A Morning Wedding

Right: Mr. E. H. Tattersall, D.S.O., late 5th Dragoon Guards, and Miss Ruby Carol Jevons, who were married last week, leaving Christ Church, Down Street, after their wedding, which was at eleven in the morning



Poole: Dublin

Lady Hodson and her baby son, Michael Robin Adderley. Lady Hodson is the wife of Major Sir Edmund Hodson, of Hollybrooke House, Co. Wicklow, where this photograph was taken; before her marriage in 1928, she was Miss Anne Adderley Craddock, the daughter of Lt.-Colonel Craddock

NO ONE need tell me that women are poor, weak creatures. A young woman of my acquaintance landed in Paris last week after a twenty-four hours journey across Europe of the hottest and smuttiest description. After a bath and breakfast, she went straight on to the new dress show at Vionnet's, and there saw Madeleine Carroll and her husband, Philip Astley, who had also just got off the train, having travelled up from the South of France.

MADELEINE CARROLL has burnt to a very nice shade of caramel brown, which makes her eyes look bluer and her hair look fairer than ever. She and her husband have been spending several weeks in a tiny village in

the *Membury Gymkhana*

THE atmosphere in Vionnet's show-room just now is an amusing and rather pathetic indication of what a parlous state the French dress houses are in. In the past this was the haughtiest house of the whole of the haute couture. If you walked into the foyer and had forgotten the name of your vendeuse, you felt rather like Bateman's Guardsman who dropped his rifle, and when you got into the show-room you were made to feel it was as much as the mannequins could do to condescend to show you the clothes they were wearing. Nowadays, saleswomen rush towards even the most insignificant customer and lead her, like a prodigal son, into the show-room, where even the mannequins smile and look pleasant.

THE Restaurant du Colisé, on the corner of the Rue du Colisé and the Champs Elysées, is the place where people lunch in Paris just now. The amusing part of it is not the ground floor, or even the first part of the second floor, but the second room through, with the windows that look out on to the Champs Elysées. It is one of the few places in Paris where the food is well cooked and well served. The chairs are of red lacquer, and there is a long food counter, with rows of chefs behind it.

IN Paris, too, is Peggy Hopkins Joyce. She is staying at the Crillon, and is to be seen nightly at Zelly's, which is once again a smart place. She was accompanied by a German and a Frenchman the other evening, both of whom

the South of France called Cavaliere, which boasts only one hotel. This is run by one of the ex-chefs of the Negresco, in Nice, so the food is excellent in consequence, although bathrooms are practically non-existent. Hairdressers and manicurists had never been heard of.

Poole, Dublin

The Curragh

Miss Evelyn Baird, Miss Gretta Cameron and Major C. Mitchell, D.S.O., M.C., who is one of the Joint-Masters of the Kildare

A group at the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban, including Mr. Alastair Anderson, who was one of the judges of the piping competitions, Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, and the Hon. David Balfour

H.R.H's high-efficiency swing: The Prince of Wales playing on the Chiberta course for the Cup which he himself presented last year at Biarritz

thought that Mr. Christopher Mackintosh, Lord Clydesdale's brother-in-law, was either French or German, no doubt because Mr. Mackintosh talks both languages perfectly.

MR. MACKINTOSH had just motored back from Venice, where he had landed after a cruise in the Mediterranean in the Queen Mary. His fellow-passengers had been Lord and Lady D'Abernon, who have now bought a house in St. James's Place, the Bishops of Guildford and Gloucester, Sir James Grigg, Everard Gates and his wife, and Sir Stanley Dewey. They all seem to have had a thoroughly good time, and Mr. Mackintosh is as brown as a Kanaka from repeated sun-bathing.

AT Biarritz Lord and Lady Sackville have been having a holiday away from Knole, and the Prince of Wales was playing a lot of golf at Chiberta, and more particularly at Hossegor. The gaiety of this town has decreased a lot, though. The Casanova was shut, and it used to be the best in Europe. Nobody dined in evening clothes. There was only one night-club open, and the gambling in the Casino was even more meagre than last year. However, I am told that Zographos is taking quite an interest in it, which means that André, of Deauville, who backs him, will at last realise his ambition and see what he can make of the place.

AT Ragusa, Mr. Quentin Gilbey, who left London some weeks ago, has found himself confronted by boat-load after boat-load of friends, for nearly all the Mediterranean cruising vessels stop at this lovely little Dalmatian city. Ragusa, incidentally, boasts the only real night-club in that part of the world. It is run by an Irishman with ginger hair and a remarkable gift for making champagne cocktails.

In London, to which people are now filtering back fast, the chief events of the week have been Noel Coward's first night, which really opened the Little Season, and the marriage of Mr. "Bunny" Tattersall, which took place on Wednesday. I gather they have gone off to St. Jean de Luz for their honeymoon. The Season being practically over, it should be a real holiday for a fashionable columnist like Mr. Tattersall.

Watching one of the events at the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban: Mr. Hew Lorimer, Miss Nemone Balfour of Dawick, and Lord de la Warr

Below, right: Miss Sheila Stroyan, the youngest competitor in the Girls' Golf Championship; she is not yet thirteen. She was defeated in the first round by Miss Lester at the eighteenth hole

The camera meets eleven of the thirty entrants for the Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges last week, going out walking; they produced some very good golf between them, and some close matches, two of the semi-finalists, Miss de Gunzbourg and Miss Jessie Anderson carrying theirs to the 19th hole. More pictures of this event are on pages 572 and 578

Distinguished Stall-ites

At the Shaw First Night

Right: Sir Barry Jackson, the producer of "Too True To Be Good," and of so many other Shaw plays, with Lady Lavery (centre). On the left is Mrs. Percy, and on the right, Dame Laura Knight

Below: Miss Sylvia Siddens and Mrs. Cedric Hardwicke, whose husband is such a brilliant success as the parson-burglar in the play

More celebrities seen during the interval: Mr. Lutyens and Miss Mary Newcomb, the American actress, who seems to belong here

Above: Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mr. Beverley Nichols were among the first-nighters at the New Theatre

Waiting for the curtain to go up again: Lady Snowden and Sir Herbert Barker, and behind, Mr. C. B. Cochran

Right: And so was Sir Philip Ben Greet, the veteran actor, who was knighted in 1929 to celebrate his fifty years on the stage

Sasha

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

The Leger: After-Effects and After-Thoughts

THE classics are over, and one breathes a sigh of relief. Racegoers, from the dashingest deb to the most hard-bitten professional backer, have but one thought in their minds when they enter the Members' Enclosure—the improvement of our thoroughbreds; but, really, these tests in the interests of the horse-breeding industry have become a trifle too expensive of late, and no mistake about it.

WHAT a year it 's been, and what a particularly inopportune time for the fates to choose to pay us out for sins we 've committed in the past! A succession of black weeks and impossible outsiders is not so hard to bear when you 've only got to turn to the financial sheet, when you get home from racing, to find they 've all gone up "five bob."

AT a time like this, though, it's embarrassing to say the least of it. With the Banks charging us anything from five per cent. on our overdrafts, and giving us a vulgar fraction on our deposits (not that that worries us), and your stockbroker looking at you as if you 'd escaped from a lunatic asylum, if you ask him if there 's any chance of anything going up, a series of such reverses as we sustained at Goodwood, York, and Doncaster is more than most of us can stand.

A WORD of advice to anyone (and it 's all Doncaster to a packet of Parkinson's Royal there 'll be plenty of you) who can't see their way to settle. I am speaking from experience, for, have I kept 'em waiting? I 'll say I have.

I HATE to think of the number of times I 've walked down Old Burlington Street wondering how I could have been such a fool, and swearing never to lay the odds again. Full of Dutch Courage, partaken of in Clifford Street, I 've rung the bell, and been greeted with that courtesy bookmakers reserve for the very rich and the very foolish.

I 'VE stated my case, and promised to pay a pound a week till the time the debt was liquidated, which sometimes brought us to Cesarewitch day the year after next.

THE courteous gentleman never knows what Arthur will say, but, so far, Arthur has never said anything. What makes Arthur open his mouth and say a good deal, and all the other Arthurs, too, is when some foolish individual loses more money than he can settle for the time being, ignores his requests for payment, and avoids him when he sees him coming. *When you can't pay your bookmaker, go and see him.*

No man since the war has invested more money in bloodstock, and patronised the Turf more lavishly than the Aga Khan. It is only just and fair, then, that he should get some return for his huge outlay.

NO ONE in their senses would begrudge the Aga, however many races he won, but I do wish he 'd get out of this tiresome habit of winning these classic races with one of his "neglecteds."

MUCH as I wish it, I expect poor Michael Beary wishes it far more strongly. Michael, though, is a first-rate loser, and when I commented on the fact to him once, he smiled that smile which, I believe, gossip writers always refer to as "enigmatical," and replied: "I should be; I 've had plenty of practice."

IN company with everyone else, I lost money on the Leger, and, quite frankly, I don't reproach myself one little bit. So often after a race one feels one ought to have backed that one, but I didn't give Firdaussi a million-to-one chance.

Racing in Scotland: Lord Inverclyde and Mrs. Murphy at Ayr Races, which, with the Oban Gathering, marked the peak of the Scottish Season last week. Lord Inverclyde was entertaining at Castle Wemyss

IN front coming round Tattenham Corner, he simply failed to stay in what was anything but a break-neck Derby, and why he should be expected to get the Leger trip I failed to see.

FURTHERMORE, he had not impressed me when winning at York, and I 'll stake my bottom dollar Beary couldn't have won an inch further than he did there, beating very moderate opposition.

THE proof of the pudding, though, is in the eating, and Firdaussi has beaten his more fancied stable companions fairly and squarely, and won the St. Leger; but his success will always remain to me one of the most mystifying results of all time.

AT the same time, we take off our hats to three great sportsmen in the Aga Khan, Frank Butters, and Fred Fox, who rode him so admirably, while sympathising with Michael for once again choosing wrong.

THERE is a mistaken belief amongst some people that the Aga Khan, although he races on such a lavish scale, does not really know a great deal about the game. Don't you believe it. I had the honour a short while ago to sit next him at lunch, and although the betting side holds no attractions for him, there is no other side of racing he does not know from A to Z.

APART from the big race, by far the most thrilling episode of the meeting was Myrobella's electrifying performance in the Champagne Stakes. It is always a thrill to see a really good horse put up a smashing performance, but doubly so when the animal is carrying the colours of that grand sportsman, Lord Lonsdale.

MYROBELLA wins her races by her terrific initial speed, and we have not seen such spreadeagling displays since her relative, Mumtaz Mahal, was winning her races in the first furlong.

MYROBELLA has such terrific speed that it is extremely doubtful if she will ever stay; but I do not think she will ever be beaten over short distances.

ORWELL was a great two-year-old, though without the electrifying burst of speed that Myrobella has. In the Leger he was a sad disappointment, and now we must finally (and reluctantly) admit that *he does not stay*.

Scottish Regulars

At Ayr again: Lady Delamere and Lady Angela Scott; the Duke of Buccleuch's youngest daughter. Lady Delamere is her first cousin, her father being Lord George Scott

BAN AGAIN

Kilts and Tweeds at the Argyllshire Gathering

A corner of the enclosure: Miss Alathea Talbot, who is a 1932 débutante and a cousin of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Mr. Malcolm Brereton, and Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, the only daughter of the Countess of Cromartie and Lt.-Col. E. W. Blunt-Mackenzie

Col. the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Murray, who was Faith Celli before her marriage last year, talking to the Captain of Dunstaffnage

Right: Mr. Ernest Nelson of Auchnacloich, and his sister, Miss Kirstie Nelson, who was wearing a most attractive bolero coat and skirt of mustard-coloured tweed

Above: Lady Malcolm and her youngest son, Mr. Angus Malcolm. Lady Malcolm is the wife of Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch, and the daughter of Mrs. Langtry

Right: Miss Helen Lowe and Miss Elizabeth Pollock, who are both débutantes of this year. Miss Lowe's home is on Iona

September Steeplechasing

The Fontwell Park Meeting

Steeplechasing fixtures are now on the racegoer's list again, and Fontwell Park comes near the beginning: Mrs. R. Dease, Colonel Little, and Mrs. W. S. Hunt were among those present

Below: Miss Ruby Nevill and her fiancé, Mr. Kenneth Urquhart, sit out together. Mr. Urquhart rode his own horse into first place in the fifth race

Above: Miss G. Ross and Miss P. Adshead look as if they took their racing pretty seriously

Right: In the paddock and ignoring the rain: Mrs. J. M. Gosden and Miss K. Goode

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

I DON'T want to be rude, and, as the old proverb says, "A rose by any other name—" but a paper chase in St. Moritz was organised by Prince Carlos Gonzaga; the trail was laid by Donna Stefanina di Gangi; the "hounds" included Prince Pio, Mr. Juan de las Barcenas, and Prince Andrea Boncompagni; and the "brush" was given to the Duke Pierlingi di Pietra Agliata. Thank Heaven for Smith, Brown, and Robinson, says I!

Sasha

S.A. + 2/-

That is what the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant wore on one sleeve; on the other is her bank balance, — 2s., which she is pointing out to Lord Donegall; her telephone number is on her pocket. The photograph was taken when the cast of "After Dinner" went by aeroplane and racing car to Southsea, where that revue is going to have a trial run

HOW few women look really "English" and their best in the country in these days of cosmetics and orchids. Lady Nuttall is a lovely example some of our débutantes might follow. Smart, but natural. Lady Minto looks perfect in the country: she has the neatest tweeds in Scotland. Lady Alexandra Haig sometimes gets my sincere admiration, but not always for her country hats.

IT is nice to see the Comtesse de Bosdari in England. Of course, we all remember her better as Enid Walker, sister of the polo-minded owner of Osmaston. The Comtesse has natural curly red-gold hair and very long eyelashes; her brother is tall, thin, and aristocratic-looking.

NOT many men wear a cap with a button on top. Lord Southesk and his half-brother, Sir Lancelot Carnegie, are exceptions, and Sir William Bass, who has his caps made to match his tweeds.

NO Northern race-meeting would be complete without charming Mrs. Gordon Foster. She is dark, with an interesting face, which, incidentally, is not to be encountered every day. Mrs. Roderick Ward has one, but, alas! she keeps it in Kenya most of the year; and Miss Glen Pointing, whom I have just started to see about, has decidedly interesting looks.

I HAVE not a tremendous admiration for many young people, but there are exceptions. Oliver Messel is one: he has won fame by hard work as well as genius. He has charming manners, is sincere, and never forgets a friend. Noel Coward is the outstanding example of someone unspoilt by overwhelming success; but Oliver seems likely to be a good second.

THERE were blue clouds for several hours around a castle in the Highlands when a photographer attempted to "snap" the Laird and party.

MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY has fascinating eyebrows which arch suddenly over the outside edge of the eye. Lady Jersey has straight, not-so-very-thin eyebrows, and so has the Princess Emeline de Broglie, who is the daughter of chic Mrs. Reggie Fellowes. Of course, Marlene's eyebrows are too famous to need description, but look at Dorothy Dickson's—they are cute.

HAS an American heiress really left her heart over here, or do long and frequent letters really mean "just friends"?

WHY did the loveliest brunette and titled deb refuse her last proposal?

CURLY hair—Lady Brecknock.
Straight hair—Mrs. Claude Leigh.
Turned-up nose—Mrs. Pim.
Straight nose—Lady Mount Temple.
Curving mouth—Mrs. Colclough.
Straight mouth—Lady Baillie.
Curvie legs—Lady Hindlip.
Straight legs—Lady Plunkett.

WHEN a house-party is wrecked because of ill-temper, it is either indigestion or, more likely, love, especially when there is a grey-at-the-temples-but-so-fascinating man in the offing.

LET'S talk about the stage.
I don't like Francis Lederer's side-whiskers.
John van Druten has a double chin.
Yvonne Arnaud is thinner, I'm glad to say.
Catherine Nesbit wears too much jewellery to be chic.

WHAT a clever and amusing person Lady Birkenhead is—endless vitality and great wit. She is most stimulating to talk to. Lady Eleanor is clever, too, but she has not got her mother's charm. Lady Pamela is beautiful, but she has not her mother's forceful personality. What unusual personalities coupled were F.E. and his wife!

LADY CASTLEROSSE wears shorts at the Lido. Lady Castlerosse loves to have her legs free. Few women can wear shorts and look well in them. Mrs. Richard Norton is an exception, but she has a marvellous figure.

I THINK Captain Dixey, M.P., talks faster than any man I know. Lord Portarlington talks fast when he is telling a story. Lord Carisbrooke talks clearly. Lord Blandford has a vague voice. Mr. Hubert Duggan is concise. Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg has a soft voice.

VENICE has had some exciting people, with original "labels," as guests:—
Miss Mary Baker—The Shy Bride.
Mr. Cecil Beaton—Society Photographer.
Mr. Evelyn Waugh—Inventor of "Vile Bodies."
Sir Oswald Mosley—Leader of ex-New Party.
Lady Diana Cooper—The Madonna.

MAYFAIR general knowledge:—
Who wears a chin-strap at night?
Who takes his leg off at night?
Who puts his moustache in curlers?
Who has an "ever-open door"?
Who will keep the lights on?

D

The Gossip-Writer's Post-Bag:

or How His Friends Can Help Him

Innocent fun is often levelled at that maligned product of this age, the gossip-writer, which might lead the reader to suppose that his task is an easy one. It is with the object of disillusioning any intending aspirant to this profession that the author of this article ventures to point out some of its difficulties

By "Bunny" Tattersall

" . . . straw-hat in hand, on the pier . . . "

I HEAR of nothing but holidays, so do I have to imagine myself gaily taking part in their delights. On the Yorkshire moors; in a yacht on the Solent (not at sea—it might be rough); driving a speedboat off the Cap d'Antibes; strolling into the Cannes Casino after an excellent dinner with Michael Arlen; being thrown out a few minutes later; playing round Le Touquet golf-course (nine holes with a lady); a matutinal dive into Pourville's swimming-pool; a quicker dive into its bar; playing on the sands at Ilfracombe [*There aren't any; it's a rocky coast.*—ED.]; or, straw-hat in hand, on the pier at Margate—picture me doing any of these things, for that is as near to them as I shall get.

As it is, I find that times are very difficult. Yesterday I walked into the office, having done my daily delve into those recesses which conceal snappy paragraphs: they had proved so singularly unproductive that with an anxious glance did I survey the wicker basket containing my letters. Kind friends often write me of their news when on their holidays, so that you may all still be reminded of their presence on moors, plages, and even humble beaches.

Imagine my delight upon seeing on top of this basket a light-blue envelope, addressed in pencil, with a nice-looking French stamp on it.

"It's from dear, sweet Cecilia," I murmur. "How thoughtful of her. What a nice girl she is—so different from the selfish, spoilt, self-satisfied, bad-mannered young moderns."

I was wrong: she is all those things, and some more, too. Ecoutez! It is headed "Bordeaux," and reads—

> DEAR SPYGLASS [not even Mr. Spyglass], —It's Cecilia writing from the Côte d'Argent, which, as you know, means aerated owing to the publicity given to it. I had an interview to-day with an old salt in an estaminet, who told me in secret that the French Government are going to fit reverse gears to all haddocks next year; the launching of the first haddock will take place off the beach at Paris-Plage under the auspices of Lady Bridget Poulett, Mr. Randolph Churchill and Lord Tennyson.
>
> They are forming a committee of research to find a sufficiently large haddock, so that a bottle of methylated spirit may be (in nautical, phraseology) broken abaft its binnacle, or barnacle, I forget which [she would], but owing to the little denizens of the deep being so shy, they generally swim folded; the more modern ones disport themselves flat.
>
> Lunching the other day with Sir George Hold and Lady Fast, and their charming daughters, Luce and Torte, I learnt that they have done a lot of racing lately in their new eight-metre yacht, Trulula Bulkhead; she, unfortunately, has bumped her bottom in the roads at Deauville, and is now being repainted in a basin near by. Next year they mean to compete with something slightly broader in the beam.
>
> Just off to dine with the Marquis d'Haute-École, but must first box my compass, which I have put out to grass since I've been in port. Yours, CECILIA.

Thank you for nothing, Cecilia, and I hope your cat has had kittens in your absence.

Still, the next letter looks more hopeful: it is also in ordinary handwriting, postmark S.W.1. It reads—

> SIR—I notice that lately you have been giving much prominence to my daughter, Pamela, in your columns. I consider that this is prejudicial to the influence which her mother and I always hope to exercise, both in the home circle and in other spheres, where a débutante of her position . . .

You know the type: a suspicious, pompous parent—in any case, it's another loser for me.

Decorations by Barboza

" . . . lunching the other day with Sir George Hold and Lady Fast, and their charming daughters, Luce and Torte"

" . . . lightly tossed it . . . a distance of some sixty yards."

The next: postmark S.W.7—

My Dear Mr. Spyglass—Could you just include a nice little notice in your delightful columns about a small tea-party I am holding on Tuesday next? I represent the leadership of those interested in the welfare of our seaside donkeys—you *know* what their life is, poor creatures. [*Why should I?*] There will be present myself, Mrs. Westerfield-Jones, whom you have met often at my Press teas . . .

Yes, I have, thank you, and that will be quite sufficient.

And now a typewritten envelope, addressed to me personally—

Sir—Unless I receive an immediate settlement of the whole, or, at any rate, part of your account, which has been outstanding for at least three years . . .

Enough of that, too.

I take hope at the opening sentence of the next letter—

Dear Edmund—You remember, of course, that pretty girl in whom you were so interested at Lady Champbit's party (I told you she had seven thousand a year of her own—settled, not allowance). Well, my dear, I do want you to be the first to know that she 's engaged to such a charming . . .

This is rather an unkind one. Still, it provides a paragraph; but why should *I* be butchered to make a Roman holiday? Even gossip-writers have feelings.

There is sure to be something good in this letter. Scotch postmark; usually a nice, reliable contributor. It reads—

At the Highland Games last Thursday a striking incident took place; there has not been seen the like since Prince Charlie crossed the Trossachs. Just before the contest for tossing the caber (old Scottish sport), the Dowager Marchioness of Ecclefechan leapt up from her seat, seized the caber from the hands of an astonished six-foot-six Lowlander, lightly tossed it into the neighbouring burn (a distance of some sixty yards), when it at once burst into flower on its voyage downstream. As a presage of its fate, the band struck up *Life on the Ocean Wave*, to which the Marchioness executed a pas seul, amidst the plaudits of the assembly. The feat is the more remarkable when one considers that she recently celebrated her ninety-third birthday, at which the drum-and fife-band of the local boy scouts marched for four hours and twenty-seven minutes round the Castle, playing the overture to *William Tell*, the smallest scout whistling an obligato in the relative minor key. This, by the way, is always the Marchioness's favourite opera, since the day that she heard excerpts (inclusive of the famous Apple Scene) given by a local choir in Banff.

Her proverbial generosity was to the fore in her offer of a glass of water to each of the lads in the band. It was most interesting to watch each boy lower a cup on a string down a well seventy-five feet deep, then attempt to pull it up without spilling all the water. The proceedings closed with a hymn, also a collection, to be devoted to the re-skinning of the band's side-drums.

" . . . I remember, as far back as '71 . . ."

My sparse sense of humour leads me to suppose that this letter is a sort of joke, engineered by one of my unkinder Scottish débutantes, so I am ignoring it.

The last letter is typical—an almost daily rite—

Sir—That you can presume to debase the profession of journalism by daily presenting to the public such piffle is past my comprehension. I remember, as far back as '71, that the late Sir Everard Windybore . . .

Well, if your memory can carry you as far back as that, my friend, there 's a very fair chance of your soon joining him.

I do not choose these letters as being good data upon which to write a social page, though their tone is quite representative of my daily post. For this reason, I should be glad to have any suggestions from readers to cope with my task in the future; they will be dealt with in strict rotation by somebody else's secretary.

At the Theatre

Two's Company—and a Half-and-Half Affair

"THE WAY TO THE STARS"

THIS curate's-egg comedy is Mr. Phillip Leaver's second effort within a few weeks and is, on that score, pretty good going. It is a better product than *To-morrow Will Be Friday*. The Second Act ends with a vigorous set-piece of domestic fireworks. True, the situation is the old, old three-ball of husband-wife-lover, but the hurly-burly of a good set-to is grateful and comforting.

Act I. makes it clear that trouble is brewing. The husband (Leslie Banks) is a serious modern composer afflicted with the tiresome names of Paul Wagner Cartweel. He suffers so much from the artistic temperament that he loses both his manners and braces on the eve of his concert at the Queen's Hall. And he is excruciatingly rude in public to his wife, Veronica (Joyce Kennedy), who is getting dangerously near the stepping-off mark with a glib rotter called Peter Destinn (Francis Lister). Veronica's mother (Gwen ffrangçon-Davies) is a half-Spanish Marquesa, with an eye like a hawk. (She has spotted Veronica and Destinn having a bit of quiet fun in an alcove—or, as she describes it, a cupboard with knobs on.) She speaks her mind and is no respecter of persons.

Veronica and her boy friend give the concert a miss, and hurry back to Hampstead—with a feeble story about their car breaking down—and a tête-à-tête. By the time Paul and the rest of the party return they have decided to go away together. Paul is angry and bellicose. He forces the issue. The sparks fly. Then one of the guests, who gets laughs because he is deaf, plays a popular jazz tune on the piano. It is called *The Way to the Stars*, and is Paul's bête noir. Not merely because Peter and Veronica like it. Dislike goes deeper than that. Why, then? Because he wrote it himself!

Musically speaking, the poor man is a Jekyll and Hyde—Jekyll in Queen's Hall, and Hyde (or, rather, "Bud Texas") in the Charing Cross Road, where the royalties come from. Lots of them. So many, that Veronica is well-dressed and Paul is famous. His serious work has been made possible, and popular, by the secret syncopation of "Bud Texas."

A LIKELY story! We have met it before—in the magazines. So, too, presumably, has Paul, for he has never confessed to his wife the awful sin of making money under another name. His success has messed up everything—given him a guilty secret, made him bitter and aloof. Result—separate bedrooms for two and eternal triangles for three.

Although Paul puts up a strong fight—nothing, he says, can rob him of those early days of wedded bliss when he and Veronica "walked hand in hand with God"—Veronica goes off to live in sin with her rotter.

AFTER that we are transported to a courtyard in Madrid, and the play commits suicide about ten-thirty. Paul and his grown-up daughter (Ann Casson) are staying with Mother-in-law; and who should turn up but Veronica, deserted by her swain and ripe for a scene of reconciliation. But what a scene! Paul jabbers like a romantic guide-book, while Veronica,

"You Took Advantage of Me"

Being the title of one of the songs that Laddie Cliff and Vera Bryer sing together in "Rhyme and Rhythm," at the Winter Garden; and this is how they look at some moment during the performance

breathlessly and in bewilderment, takes her cue from these artificial divagations from reality.

Mr. Leaver is too drawn to these "twists." Flippancy, and even facetiousness, must not chip in at moments when sincerity is asking to be allowed to wear its heart on its sleeve. Characters who are real people—or as near reality as theatrical enlargement dictates—must not behave as such in one crisis and do the opposite in another.

THIS last scene must have been the devil to play, and Leslie Banks, who had a chance to show his true mettle in Act 2 and grasped it, with both hands, like the fine actor he is, wisely took it full speed ahead. Gwen ffrangçon-Davies, who shares the honours with him, twists the house round her little finger. The Marquesa, in her sensitive hands, is the epitome of wit and wisdom. Mothers-in-law and students of Dramatic Art, please copy. Ann Casson, as a daughter with an unexpectedly Early Victorian outlook on sinful mothers, has all the equipment for ingénuedom, though why authors persist in making these young things so bright and mannered I do not know. Joyce Kennedy copes successfully with Veronica; Francis Lister is a polished, and plausible wife-snatcher; Ronald Simpson's deafness is tactfully assumed; and Martita Hunt is amusing as a garrulous musical hum-bug.

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

H. F. MALTBY'S adaptation of a French farce lives up to its title. It is a half-and-half affair, lacking those wilder moments which, at the Aldwych, connote some ribald rite performed upon the long-suffering person of J. Robertson Hare. Torn from his breeches, stripped from that virtuous moustache, what indignity is there left for our idol to endure?

In this mixture of farce and comedy, the suffering one is immune from assault and battery. Ralph Lynn makes no effort to engrave the word Trousers on his victim's heart. In no encounter does our Napoleon of suburban rectitude meet his Whiskerloo. Heigh-ho! What might have been . . .

WHICH only shows what slaves of habit we Old Aldwychians are. We expect always the rough stuff, and the retort discourteous. We regard Mr. Hare as a hostage to hilarity, as a body with no rights of Habeas Corpus. If Mr. Maltby had devised a scene wherein this actor sat in a chair and had half a dozen teeth extracted, *Fifty-Fifty* would run for eighteen months.

AS it is, the Hare is merely a hard-working tortoise, who is secretary to an eccentric financier (Morris Harvey), and is promoted to manage the hotel and casinos of St. Nectare in place of Ralph Lynn. Mr. Lynn first appears, not as his bouncing, cheerful, monocled and confident self—profound sensation!—but as a shy and seedy teacher of the piano to the financier's daughter (Winifred Shotter). He cherishes a secret passion for his pupil's mother (Maidie Hope), but receives, in return, the sack. This set-back to tradition provides some quiet passages which call for, and get, some admirable acting in the key of light comedy.

SOON, however, Mr. Lynn is himself again; cheerful, monocled and inane. Gone are the shabby frock-coat and the inferiority complex. Signor Stromboli (Frederick Burtwell), manager of St. Nectare, is responsible for this remarkable transformation. He expounds the philosophy of one Azaïs to such good effect that he himself is sacked, and his convert gets the job. Azaïs held that fortune is fifty-fifty, the good luck taking it in equal turns with the bad. And so it works out. The tutor, after a run of luck, is sacked for incompetence, but, duly humbled, wins the financier's daughter.

Generous padding produces some amusing moments, but, unfortunately, the laughter and the loquacity do not quite conform to Azaïs's theory. Mary Brough makes one brief incursion, but the part is an obvious interpolation. Winifred Shotter continues her winning sequence, and Gordon James, Maidie Hope, Clive Morton, and Dorothy Boyd supply the team-work. Tom Walls, where art thou?

TRINCULO.

BY HYNES

GATHERING ROUND

An impression of some of the Café de Paris regulars, not all of whom have yet returned from the North and the South, but who will probably not be able to resist London much longer, now that the Café de Paris has re-opened for the autumn, and will be gathering round the familiar tables again. Those present in the picture are, standing, Lord Portarlington, Mrs. John Barran, Lady Brecknock, Lord Brecknock, Mrs. Peter Thursby, and Sir Anthony Weldon, and seated rather gloomily at the table, Lady Bridget Poulett, Mr. "Quinney" Gilbey, Miss Margaret Whigham, and Sir Robert Throckmorton

To the highest Standard

C.F.H.

This is a play with plenty of talk, and here is Veronica (Miss Joyce Kennedy) and her gigolo (Francis Lister) just talking

The Marquesa, Veronica's mother (Gwen ffrangçon-Davies), knowing all about the previous illustration, warns Veronica's husband, a composer with the name of Paul Wagner Cartweel (Leslie Banks), of the danger . . .

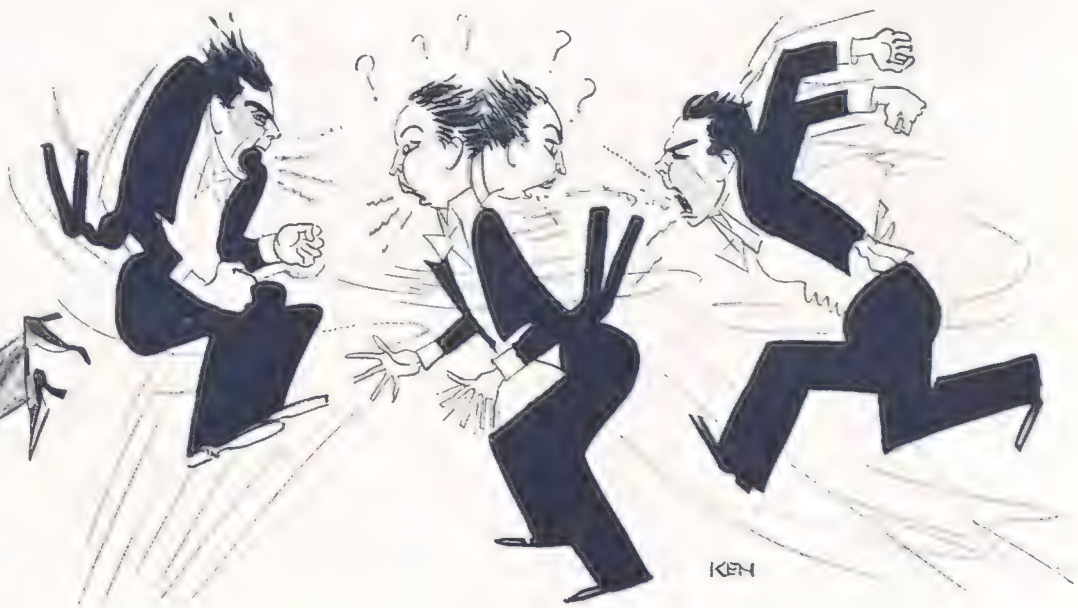
. . . but he is too wrapped up in his own music to care two hoots.

At this stage the play is provided with a little humour in the shape of a deaf, and almost dumb, character (thank goodness) called Richard Crombie, played by Ronald Simpson, with Janet (Ann Casson) as a throw-in

Also another humorous lady, Beatrix (Martita Hunt), a great lover of music (sez you!)

Here is the curtain of the First Act. All going to Wagner Cartweel's concert at the Queen's Hall, to hear and see him conduct his own Concerto . . .

. . . with the exception of Veronica and another gigolo, who spent a tuneful evening at home



Now the Second Act was all Leslie Banks

I have not illustrated the Third Act —that was all the playwright's. Everything came right in a castle in Spain

"THE WAY TO THE STARS": Playfully Potted by Ken

Cedric Belfrage *discusses*
The PASSING PICTURE SHOW

THE information that "a new British star has been discovered" has been dealt out with such a lavish hand during the past few years that the reader of these quaint notes may well be sceptical if I venture to try it on once again. Despite the remarkable number of "discoveries" announced by the publicity mongers, we all know that, in actual fact, there is not one single British film star whom our producers put on the map, not one who draws money into cinema box-offices, who did not already draw it into the cash-kiosks of the "legit." Prodding the thing even more deeply, there are, when you come to think of it, absolutely no dramatic (as opposed to comic) performers of any size, shape, age or sex in British studios who are money attractions; nor is there yet, after all these years, a single young British girl about whom the public cares enough to plank down any appreciable sum of money to see her.

NEVERTHELESS, I am sufficiently impressed with the chances of two young people now making their début in British films to toss them a kind word of encouragement. These are Robert Donat and Pearl Argyle, two exquisite creatures who are being introduced to the cinemagoers by Alexander Korda's London Film Company. Donat, I happen to know, was being chased by several American companies, including Metro-Goldwyn, who actually made him an offer—but the handsome young actor said he would rather stay in London even though he earned less. If that isn't nobility, it's stupidity—take your choice, fellows!

PEARL ARGYLE, who until recently has been the star dancer of the Rambert ballet and the Ballet Club, is being directed by the American, Rowland V. Lee, in a film called *Bright Lights of London*. This girl has more than good looks—though she has an unfair share of those—she has personality and intelligence; and she is a divinely graceful dancer.

KORDA is also radiant with enthusiasm about the four other girls whom he has under contract—Wendy Barrie, Joan Gardner, Diana Napier, and Merle Oberon. In fact, he breaks into little ecstatic cries when he speaks of them. To me they are all mysteries as yet undisclosed, but I must say that I have much more confidence in Korda as a star-maker than I ever had in any of our British impresarios. He does know and appreciate good looks and talent when he sees them, and Hollywood has taught him the way to train them, groom them, and nurse them along until the public takes the bait and, hey presto! a star is made.

John Barrymore and Greta Garbo are two of the stars in the all-star cast of "Grand Hotel," which is now at the Palace Theatre. Since it was made, Hollywood has caught the "all star" craze from M.-G.-M., and there is a lot more big stuff to come, so they say

Thoughts from Bulgaria

The part of Luka, the Bulgarian maid, is being played by Angela Baddeley, in the B.I.P. film of Shaw's "Arms and the Man"; she is said to have made a great success of this rôle

WELL, as regards the world depression, you will all be glad to hear that it's over. Louis B. Mayer, the £160,000-a-year muckamuck of the Metro-Goldwyn Company, who has been putting in a lot of time lately taking tea with President Hoover, in Washington, says he has it right from the President's mouth—so, of course, it must be true. Happy days are here again! The President, says Mr. Mayer, is in excellent health and full of optimism. He apparently has a private set of statistics proving, contrary to those in the possession of the general public, that unemployment

Hands Off!

Victor McLaglen as the police inspector, Adrienne Ames as the girl in the story, and Edmund Lowe as the smart newspaper reporter in "Guilty as Charged," the Paramount comedy which, written round a murder, a death sentence, and a suicide, is still a comedy; it was at the Plaza last week

What Price Constance Bennett?

Who was on the screen at the New Gallery last week in "What Price Hollywood?" and who may be coming to England for six weeks' holiday when she has finished work on "Manhattan Lullaby"

in America is decreasing. This makes Mr. Mayer very happy, because if more people are employed, attendances at cinemas are supposed to go up.

WELL, there is no doubt that Herb Hoover is a darb at killing the depression—on paper. In December 1929, he said, "We have re-established confidence." In March 1930, he said, "The worst effects of the crash and unemployment will have passed during the next thirty days." In May 1930, he said, "We have now passed the worst." So it went on until, in August, this year, he was saying, "We have overcome the major financial crisis"—and even using the past tense, thus: "I am aware of the suffering our people *have* undergone."

The *New York Times* nation-wide index, as of August 20, showed American business activity to be 52.2 per cent. of normal—the lowest point it has touched.

Still, don't let 's spoil Louis' and Herb's little bit of fun. They 're great pals, those boys. Herb spends almost as much money as Louis—his average expenses at the White House have been over £100,000 a year.

AND now news leaks in from Hollywood of our dear friend Pat Somerset. You remember—the lad who, during his marriage to Margaret Bannerman, led a movement for a Brighter Baker Street. A long time ago he went to Hollywood, where his life has been full of Epsom Downs (credit M. Coward)—mostly downs. Three years ago he was my neighbour in a very humble "bungalow court" in Hollywood. You can often catch sight of him in pictures, if you are sharp. Sometimes he just pops on and off again, and then, again, sometimes he says a few words.

Well, the news is that Pat—or, rather, his present wife, the former Barbara Todd of Baltimore—is going to have a baby. Pat, you see, has settled down good and proper these days. He is living such a quiet and respectable life that he seems to have developed clairvoyant powers—for he stoutly avers that the child is going to be a boy. "I don't like to call it psychic," he says; "in fact, I don't like to call it anything—but I KNOW it will be a boy and that it will be born at exactly noon on a Sunday."

THINGS IN GENERAL

REX INGRAM'S new film, *Baroud*, is described in advance publicity matter as "exciting, romantic, heart-searing, daring—and, above all, unusual" . . . Erich von Stroheim, noted as the world's slowest and most extravagant director, broke all Fox Studio records by filming 14 scenes of *Walking Down Broadway* in a day. . . . Ealing sound experts are convinced that dogs make no noise when they swim; but do you think I care? . . Doug. and Mary are throwing open the grounds of their home, Pickfair, for a 6s. entry bridge afternoon in aid of the babies of out-of-work film actors. . . . The "baby blonde," Virginia Lee Corbin, has succumbed to the Hollywood vogue of having a baby. . . . Mrs. Joe von Sternberg has withdrawn her £100,000 alienation of affections suit against Marlene Dietrich. . . . Joe settled out of court, on dit.

"IN FULL FLIGHT"

Miss Earhart has been paying Hollywood a visit with her husband, Mr. G. P. Putnam, who is now chairman of Paramount's Editorial Board; she is with Claudette Colbert, one of the galaxy of stars in the Paramount Studios

If Gossip We Must

A Prophetic Coincidence—A President in Mid-Atlantic—The Toy Theatre

Unlike the *Skibbereen Eagle*, the organ which had its eye on the great ones of the earth, The Bystander does not pretend that it dictates to Prime Ministers, ordains when Parliament shall or shall not sit, or influences all the sensible people in the country to take active steps against a manifold injustice.

At the same time, we can lay claim to a certain amount of intelligent anticipation. Last week, for instance, I ventured to point out that, in view of the seriousness of unemployment and the need for putting the legislative seal on the Ottawa Conference as soon as possible, it seemed absurd for Parliament to continue its vacation (M.P.s being, incidentally, members of that lucky minority who draw their pay when doing nothing at all).

The issue containing this comment had not been on sale forty-eight hours before Mr. Ramsay MacDonald announced his intention of calling Parliament nine days earlier than the original date "in order to give immediate legislative effect to the trade agreements made at Ottawa." Coincidence, of course. But there you are!

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Nowell Downes is the wife of Mr. Nowell Downes, who is well known on the Riviera; they have just had a son. Mrs. Downes is the daughter of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, the novelist, and under her maiden name is a frequent contributor to "The Bystander"

Similarly, this journal was for years a voice crying in the wilderness (and a lonely voice at that) against the tyrannies of "Dora" and her successor. Now two powerful and popular dailies have joined in the fray, and are inciting in the good work the local mayors.

These gentlemen, not following the example of Mrs. Dombey, are now "making an effort." So, possibly, by the time restrictions rendered necessary by the next war come into force, those engendered by that little scrap which concluded in 1918 will have been finally removed.

An impression by Count M. Quixoni of Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who will soon be on the platform at the Queen's Hall again, when the Courtauld-Sargent concerts begin. Dr. Sargent has just come back from Salzburg, where he went for the Musical Festival

But "Dora's" friends are not giving in without a struggle—and not all of them are narrow-minded fanatics and pumpuritans.

There is opposition, for instance, from those who raise the question of the "harder and longer labour" which would, they allege, have to be endured by those who work on licensed premises should the hours of opening be extended.

Apart from the fact that it would not be necessary for all the staff to be on duty all the time (they could relieve each other), there is the position on the Continent to be considered. Cafés, etc., in France and Germany do not close for hours at a stretch for this reason. England must not lag behind these countries in offering amenities both to visitors and to its own folk.

Again, there are innumerable tea-shops and temperance buffets which are open sixteen and even twenty-four hours. They manage their labour questions without anyone interfering to raise hullabaloo. I fail to see why it should be considered more strenuous to work in an establishment that sells beer or whisky than in one which sells tea and ginger-beer.

Nancy Brown, the young Australian soprano, is one of those who help to make the very excellent music in "Words and Music," which opened last week at the Adelphi

Sir Gilbert Parker was a great Canadian, a sincere and public-spirited man, and quite a good novelist, whose public was, perhaps, not so large as it should have been. In some curious way he seemed, to all intents and purposes, to have ceased to exist about twenty years before death actually came.

In the decade just before the war he was a big figure; since then one had heard but little of him.

The public, I find, are usually interested in the working methods of prominent writers. They like to hear how, for instance, Walter Pater wrote adjectives on detached slips of paper

and tried them on his nouns until he found one to suit his fancy. This I know to be a fact, for I possess some of these slips, relics of Pater's Brasenose days.

It is enthralling, if one is a Dickensian, to inspect the many erasures of the great man, and to compare his manuscripts with those of Arnold Bennett, in whose meticulously neat handwriting a blot or a word crossed out is as rare as a pub. on an arterial road.

Pearl Freeman

A new portrait of Gina Malo, the young American actress who helped to make the success of "The Cat and the Fiddle," which has just ended its run at the Palace Theatre. This photograph was one of Pearl Freeman's exhibits in the Professional Photographers' Exhibition at Prince's Galleries

I found it a relief, therefore, on the morning after Sir Gilbert's death, to discover such complete and satisfactory revelations as the following:

"All his books were handwritten. He could not dictate."—Daily Herald.

"Like so many authors nowadays, Sir Gilbert did most of his literary work by dictation."—Morning Post.

LIFE may be fairly cheap in the South American republics, and the assassination of a President evokes as little excitement in those sunny lands as would a prosecution in England for riding a bicycle without a light.

But that is the affair of the South Americans. It is certainly none of our business. It is not even the business of Mr. George Lansbury.

Apparently, a certain Señor Haya de la Torre was involved in an attempt on the life of the President of Peru, and, not unnaturally, was arrested. De la Torre being a Labour leader, Mr. Lansbury promptly sent a wire of protest, presumably fired by the conviction that to arrest Labour leaders, even on a charge of attempted murder, is a grossly unjust step.

There was no answer to that wire, so Mr. Lansbury sent another one. Something about being "grievously disappointed no reply to my wire," and added, in a subsequent interview, that Señor de la Torre had been a student at Ruskin College.

I cannot see that the honour of being able to claim Ruskin College as one's alma mater should carry with it the privilege of bumping off Presidents with impunity. Obviously Mr. Lansbury thinks otherwise.

In any case, Señor de la Torre will, I imagine, be tried by a Peruvian court, whose job it is to look after its own affairs without interference from English Socialists.

Right: The Bandits, who play at Grosvenor House and the Dorchester, are now thoroughly established as a feature of London night-life. At the drum, Miss Dorea Stanhope; the pianist, Miss Rhona Rabbidge; the banjoist and the saxophonist, Miss Sheila and Miss Dodo Annesley

Tamari Desni

Who appears in the part of the gipsy dancer, one of Casanova's many "lovelies." "Casanova" reached its 200th performance at the Coliseum last Saturday

I AM sorry the old George Washington is to be scrapped. She is a comfortable ship and a graceful one. But she has not the necessary speed. I treasure memories of her, not only as a passenger, but because she was once the cause of handing me a good "laff."

At the close of 1918 I ceased to be a "temporary gentleman," and became a special correspondent on board the American battleship Arizona (and a fine ship, too), which had been detailed to meet President Wilson somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic, the President being on his way to Versailles and the Peace Conference.

We sailed from Weymouth and, after being bumped up and down by mountainous seas for nearly a week, we found ourselves on a sunny Sunday morning a hundred miles from the Azores, and with the news that at midday we were to "make contact with the Presidential ship." Sure enough,

"Happy Motherhood" *Kay Vaughan*

Mrs. Peggy W. Yeomans, who is the author of a book recently published under the above title, demonstrates one of her exercises; she is a lecturer for the New Health Society

GANDHI has now announced his intention of not requiring even any more loin cloths, since, as I write, he declares that he will starve himself to death. It would be optimistic to suppose that he will really relieve the British Government of his mischievous presence in this fashion.

The way out of the Indian problem is not as simple as all that. The Mahatma's present antics, which are not to be taken seriously, are a legacy from the mistaken, if well-meaning, policy of Lord Irwin.

ONE can only be amazed that it is the sloppy and Socialist sentimentalists in this country who eulogise and reverence Gandhi. For Gandhi is supported by high-caste Hindus and contemplates (or says he contemplates) suicide because representation is to be given to 60,000,000 "untouchables." No less democratic or Socialistic person than Gandhi ever lived. But every little Red half-wit in England will tell you what a wonderful man he is.

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 7. The Rugby Footballer

THESE Rugby blokes may be O.K.
At Blackheath or in Old Deer Park,
But what a bunch! I mean ter say
The way they act, it ain't no lark.
Why, if the Spurs played so dam' rough
There 'd be a riot sure enough!

Look at 'im, the dirty brute.
'E 's caught that feller by the boot
And knocked out all 'is bref.
Now 'e 's lyin' on the ball.
Yah, ugly! Ply the gime an' all!
Oi! Where 's yer whistle, Ref?
Who says that amachoors ain't rough?
Why, strewth, I 've never seen such stuff!

These Rugby blokes are plainly chaps
Wot likes to go their own sweet way,
And often seem to start up scraps
Which they consider merely play.
Why, All-In wrestling 's nothing to
The things you see these beggars do!

'Ands, there, 'ands! Hi, cut it out!
Put dahn that ball, you something lout,
Gor lumme, wot a crew!
They 're shovin' with their 'eads dahn now
I wonder who began the row;
'Ere, chuck the rough stuff—you!
This ain't no gime, I tell you strite.
It 's nothing but a ruddy fight!—B. W.

THIS is an era of "youth-consciousness." I see no particular virtue in being young or in being old. Yet one would think that some of our bright young things of five-and-twenty had reached that age by dint of either brains or hard work—or both.

Anyway, they write books about it. Mr. Beverley Nichols, for instance, gave to the world his hard and stern experiences at the age of twenty-five, and Mr. Romilly John, seventh child of Mr. Augustus John, having reached his twenty-fifth birthday, is doing the same thing.

They are lucky in being able to celebrate their youthful at cocktail time (only there were no cocktails, the U.S. fleet being then, as now, dry), out of a light mist there loomed the George Washington.

Guns boomed, marines lined up, and on the bridge of the liner appeared Woodrow Wilson, nattily clad in full evening dress, with top-hat.

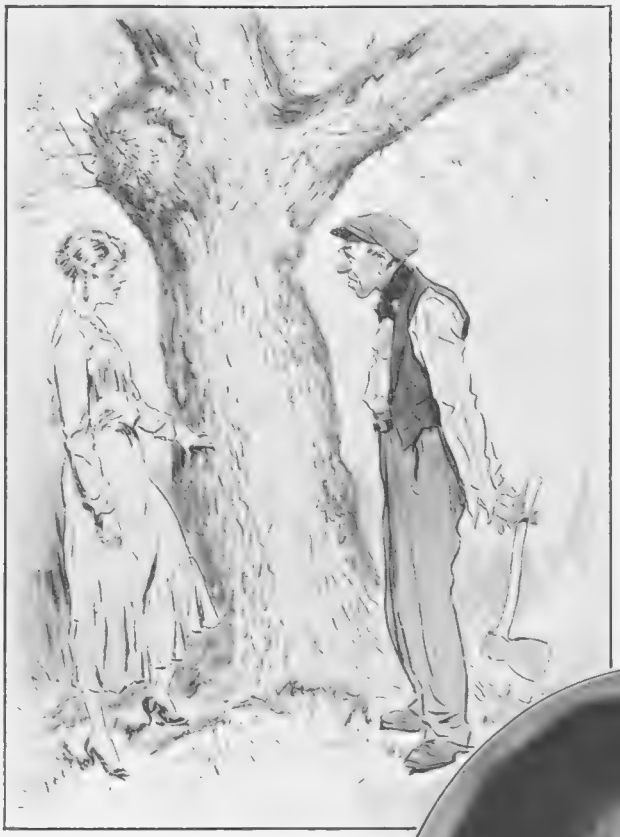
The sight of a real live President wearing a top-hat and a white tie in mid-Atlantic on a Sunday morning was irresistibly ludicrous.

THE popularity of President Wilson at that time in the States, and the awe with which he was regarded in Europe, were not only out of all proportion to his importance and brain capacity, poor chap, but in striking contrast to the unpopularity of President Hoover.

Hoover is not liked in his own country mainly because people have been, and are, confoundedly hard up during his period of office. "Another year of Hoover as President," declared some American wit, "and Gandhi will be the best-dressed man in the world."

Sasha

Leonora Corbett as the Patient, and Ernest Thesiger as the Monster, in a scene from "Too True to be Good," Bernard Shaw's new play which has come to the New Theatre from Malvern



By Starr Wood

Talking Chop

"I want you to chop it down, then chop it up"

birthdays in literary fashion. The generation which preceded them were, for the most part, too busy endeavouring, without much success, to keep alive at all. And still earlier generations, which included William Pitt and Richard Wagner, did much more wonderful things, when well under twenty-five, than do the ephemeral celebrities of to-day.

Clifford Whitley tells a story against himself of his recent visit to Venice.

"I was standing with a friend," he said, "in St. Mark's Square at night. Pointing to one of the buildings on which stood out the illuminated figures, 1135, I remarked on the romantic thrill it gave one to be in such an atmosphere of antiquity, and also on the enterprise of the Venetians in letting visitors know in this vivid fashion the age of their architectural treasures. Just then we looked up at the building again. The figures had changed to 1140."

It was the latest thing in public clocks.

Go where you will, you will not find a better audience in the world than that which assembles every Monday night at the Queen's Hall to listen to what one of the Sitwells called "Wagner's tweed-clad tunes." Music-lovers fill every corner of the place; they stand for hours on the Promenade floor (where anyone who promenaded would risk lynching); they never chatter. Well can I understand the Sitwellian urge to indulge in a little iconoclasm here, and to gain a maximum of publicity with a minimum of the technical qualifications for musical criticism.

From an occasional dinner-jacket in the circle to the collarless enthusiast in the cheapest part, there is every variety of costume, but only one variety of behaviour—the best. Wagner is regarded as a god, to be listened to in sacramental solemnity, and Sir Henry Wood as his prophet.

The only embarrassment is apt to come from too much adulation. I have long been of opinion that there are two types of bad companions at concerts and the opera—those who are not fond enough of music and those who are too fond of it. The latter are the greater nuisances by far.

King Ludwig, the friend and patron of Wagner, insisted on being quite alone in the auditorium when operas were performed. And they called him "The Mad King of Bavaria"! I would have awarded him full marks for sanity.

A. E. Wilson's book, *Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured*, is all about toy theatres and their history. It is well written, and has a pleasantly early Victorian smack about it.

For the toy theatre is to-day the toy only of a few adults with antiquarian tastes. The modern child is too sophisticated to find any thrill in it, and, I fancy, too lazy to cut out the little figures, move them about on bits of tin, and pull up and down that roller-curtain. He (or she) sits at cocktail bars and can tell you whether Greta Garbo has more "S.A." than Tallulah Bankhead, and why Constance Bennett is more highly paid than Nancy Carroll.

But C. B. Cochran, a showman even in short knickers and socks, tells in a Foreword to Mr. Wilson's book how he played with a toy theatre, and burned his fingers literally, long before he occasionally burned them financially with real theatres of bricks and mortar. When he was not many years older, C. B. C.'s love for toy theatres became almost a passion, and one which he shared with Aubrey Beardsley, with whom he went to school.

All sorts of eminent people have been interested in the toy theatre, and made pilgrimages to Hoxton and the shops of Mr. Webb and Mr. Pollock. Winston Churchill, I learned, is an enthusiast; so were Serge Diaghileff, Charles Dickens, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Speaking for my humble self, I have never been nearer the toy theatre than collecting those tinsel theatrical portraits which were famous nearly a century ago. There is an interesting chapter on them in this book. The fashion for such portraits might well be revived. I would dearly love to see a picture of Mr. Sydney Howard, in an impossibly heroic attitude, brandishing a sword and covered with spangly paper.

Walter Bird

Antoinette Cellier is Frank Cellier's very attractive daughter; she is at present appearing most successfully at the Playhouse in "Firebird," in the part of Mariette, the most modern of modern daughters

Nell Carter as Millie Denver and John Wyse as Wilfred Denver, in "The Silver King," the old melodrama which has been revived at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Mrs. Denver makes an impassioned appeal to her husband

Lucky Star

Two new portraits of Rochelle Hudson, known as R.K.O.-Radio's baby star; she has been doing her autumn shopping, and this hat and this dress are now in her trousseau. One of Hollywood's superstitions is that Richard Dix is lucky to young actresses: Rochelle Hudson made her first break in a film with him, and she has just finished working on "Liberty Road," in which she played opposite the luck-bringer again

Lenare

The Hon. Mrs. Patrick Moynihan

The Hon. Mrs. Patrick Moynihan is the wife of Lord Moynihan's only son and before her marriage last year was Miss Ierne Helen Candy. Their small daughter, who was christened not long ago at St. Margaret's, Westminster, is called Imogen Anne Ierne

Lenare

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava

Above: A new portrait of Lady Dufferin and Ava, and her small daughter, Caroline Maureen, who is just a year old. Lady Dufferin is the second of the three Guinness sisters, and her daughter, as a 1950 deb, will have two first cousins to keep her company

Lenare

The Countess of Rothes

On the left: Lady Rothes, who was Miss Beryl Dugdale, married the Earl of Rothes in 1926. Their son, who was christened Ian Lionel Malcolm, was born this year, and they have two daughters of five and three

Debs of 1950 and their Boy Friends

Not to Mention their Chaperones

Elwin Neame

Lady Shiffner

Above: Lady Shiffner is the wife of Sir Henry Shiffner, and Henry David is their two-year-old son. Lady Shiffner is the daughter of Sir Ernest Gowers, and was married three years ago

Lenare

Mrs. Rodney Moore

Left: Mrs. Rodney Moore, the wife of Mr. T. N. Rodney Moore, was photographed with her small daughter, Patricia Ann, at her home in Chelsea. Mr. Rodney Moore is in the Grenadier Guards

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

Too Shy to be "Shot": Mr. Shaw Slips Away

Swaebe

Sasha

ESCAPE!

The first night of Mr. Shaw's play, "Too True to be Good," at the New Theatre, was a brilliant affair. Crowds waited outside and inside the theatre to see Mr. Shaw arrive, which he duly did, "in happy mood," as the small photograph above shows. But he did not wait to make an author's speech; he did not even wait to hear the applause after the final curtain, but hurried away up the stairs from his box, and we can't be certain, from the photograph, whether he was pleased or not. The audience, at any rate, were pleased with Mr. Shaw

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Surveying the New Season

Snapping it up! The Harlequins pick up from a skirmish, during their match with the Wasps, in which they were victorious by 19 points to 5. It was the first match of the season for both these clubs

NORMALLY, a Rugby football season is mercifully free from sensations of any kind. A famous player retires, perhaps, or there are changes in captaincy, or a few insignificant revisions of the laws, but, on the whole, one winter is very much like another. Old friendships are soon renewed at Twickenham or Blackheath, Bristol or Leicester, and the dividing summer is quickly forgotten—so quickly, indeed, that already such frivolities as cricket have ceased to trouble us.

Another incident, showing the 'Quins getting away with the ball, in their annual "friendly" v. the Wasps, which was played on the Harlequins' Teddington ground

I should like to think that this coming season holds no sensations in store, though the International Board and a canard about Old Boy clubs and their difficulties have combined to start us off a little unhappily. Still, I doubt whether we shall worry unduly about either the Board or the canard, and, in the meanwhile, we may as well take a leisurely survey of prospects for the winter.

To begin with, it is a relief to have the game to ourselves for a change, with no touring teams to turn ordinary Saturday afternoon matches into life and death struggles. In many ways, of course, it is pleasant to welcome visiting players, and last year's Springboks were exceptionally agreeable fellows; but they do increase the element of strenuous competition which is giving too keen an edge to Rugby football.

But, approaching the season in a tolerant mood, we can find plenty to interest and amuse us, for there are a number of young players worth watching. There is S. L. Waide, of Ireland, for example, a most promising wing three-quarter, who has yet to get his Blue at Oxford. He scored a wonderful try at Cardiff against Wales, and unless he has lost his form entirely, Cambridge will certainly hear from him in the great match at Twickenham.

IRELAND, incidentally, were a fine side last year, and I hope they continue their swashbuckling ways, with E. W. F. de V. Hunt to inspire them behind the scrummage. Hunt is a grand player—not exactly a classic centre three-quarter, perhaps, but tireless and incalculable, and devilish hard to hold. Then Ireland have in W. McC. Ross a really likely young forward, with any amount of fire and intelligence, and it would be good to think that the great G. R. Beamish has at least one more berserk winter before him.

Another youngster who caught the eye last season was C. Slow, of Northampton, whose triumphant display against the Springboks when the East Midlands beat them, has surely passed into Rugby football history. He seemed to me that afternoon to have a touch of genius, and there is no doubt at all that he is an unusually talented stand-off half. He may have another chance in representative football this year, and if he does, I believe he will be capped for England. As a matter of fact, the English half-back problem is rather a knotty one, as I fancy the selectors would agree. W. Elliott, of the Navy, was not altogether a success at stand-off half, and B. C. Gadney might have shot the ball away from the scrummage more quickly, but it may be that the problem will be solved with Slow as partner either to Gadney or W. H. Sobey.

Two other players I particularly want to see again are R. A. Gerrard and N. L. Evans. Gerrard has the makings of a great centre in him, and this winter he will have just that dash of confidence which brings a man to maturity. Evans is a forward—a front-row forward (cheers, from the International Board)—and he has speed and a natural ferocity which often reminded me of W. W. Wakefield in his early days. A splendid player, Evans, and I hope also that B. H. Black will prove that the way he led the English pack against Scotland was no flash in the pan. Black was admirable that afternoon, and if he turns out to be an inspired leader, England are in clover.

Then J. C. Gibbs returns to the game as captain of the Harlequins; I 'm afraid we shall not see him in the English side again, for a variety of reasons, though, in my opinion, if he retains his phenomenal speed, there will be no wing three-quarters in the country to touch him. And, talking of wing three-quarters, there is A. C. Harrison, of Hartlepool Rovers, to be considered; and a fine little player he is, with a remarkable swerve and side-step, and magnificently plucky defence. Harrison deserves to be capped again; and another young three-quarter who will have to be carefully watched is E. C. Mercer, the Durham centre, who may be playing in London this winter.

ENGLAND, in short, have plenty of material, but Wales and Scotland are not so happily placed. Wales were a disappointing side last season, and now they have lost J. C. Morley, who has gone over to the Northern Union, much to everyone's regret, for he was an outstandingly clever wing three-quarter. He will be hard to replace, and Wales will have to find more satisfactory centres than F. L. Williams and E. C. Davey if their attack is to improve.

SCOTLAND are also in trouble—they lost all their International matches last winter, a shocking state of affairs—but I think unwise selection is more to blame than lack of material. There are plenty of promising players in Scotland, but the Selection Committee is an unwieldy body up there. Still, the trouble is only temporary, and, however the various countries may fare, I am convinced that the coming season will see a general and steady improvement in the standard of play. The pendulum, in fact, has begun to swing upwards again.

Books of the Day

Marvels in Mexico: A Blind Hero

By "Junius"

I CANNOT remember ever having read a more fascinating or more unusual book of travel than *Little Known Mexico* (Hutchinson; 12*s.* 6*d.*), by Marian Storm. Such books, at their best, are merely descriptive. Miss Storm is descriptive, brilliantly so at times, but, further than this, she has captured the elusive spirit of a practically unknown country and imprisoned it within her pages.

We read of marvels, such as an oil-well at Pánuco—one of the most famous oil regions in Mexico—the gases from which build up a tall white cylinder of ice at its mouth, in the face of a powerful sun. This well likewise sends forth snow. "If this snow touches your hand you cannot tell whether the sensation is of freezing or burning, but when, flung far from the icy mouth of the hole, the crystals strike the hot ground they seem to fry like the whites of eggs on a griddle." Then Miss Storm saw a yellow banksia rose-tree, two hundred years old, and a cypress, whose trunk is 160 ft. round 4 ft. above the ground, said to have been planted fifteen centuries ago. Bumble-bees are as big as humming-birds; and Mexico, too, possesses the oldest railway station in the world. Once it was a convent.

BUT in all her fascinating wealth of experience—the oil-fields, the Indian towns rarely visited by foreigners, the great estates (haciendas) stretching to many thousands of acres, the gorgeous vegetation and the flowers—I find her description of the celebration of All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day the most amazing. The two days are kept as a public festival.

"The Mexican," she says, "confronts death and its symbols with a light intimacy, a frank childlike interest. . . . There is in the observance [of the festival] the morbid, the comic, the brave, and the terrible." After visiting the cemeteries, where the graves are gaily decorated, the people throng to the bazaars. There Miss Storm saw a widow thickly veiled in crêpe buying a "little coffin made of gum-drops," and gives her little boy "a bright blue hearse." Tombstones made of almond paste, and corpses "in almost every flavour," are sold as sweetmeats, and may be eaten after the festival is over. "No one finds it incongruous to wear a dancing skeleton in his buttonhole."

MR. LOUIS COHEN has launched an effective skit in *The Memoirs of Priscilla, Countess Whopper* (Hamlin Publishing Company; 5*s.*) against a particular kind of autobiography which is always popular—the recollections of some great dame of Society. The notorious memoirs of Lady Cardigan have, I take it, been the model upon which he has based his subject's reminiscences of the Courts of Queen Victoria, Edward VII. and Napoleon III., since his Lady Whopper repeats various statements made in that book which were afterwards proved to be incorrect: notably her most offensive remark about Disraeli. However, whatever his model, Mr. Cohen has given us an amusing and clever book.

I HAVE been much impressed by *Love Fetish* (Werner Laurie; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Evans Wall, a novel of originality and power. It tells of a world unknown to English readers—the swamps by the Mississippi and the life of the people living in them. These people are negroes, and half-castes with white blood in their veins. These half-castes are called "No-nation," and to them the hero, Duke, belongs, although his mother is a full-blooded negress.

It is a poignant story. Duke is almost white in appearance, and before men of his father's race has a timidity and sensitiveness which they mistake for hatred and disdain. Mr. Evans Wall tells us of life amongst this mixture of races where morality is not understood, of the negroes working on road-making, labouring like animals, and in their leisure swayed by the most primitive passions; and of the contempt felt by whites and blacks for the "no-nation" people.

A tragic fate befalls Duke. His strain of white blood leads him to fall in love with Myrtis, the daughter of the owner of a neighbouring estate. Mr. Evans Wall clearly has an intimate knowledge of his subject, and his presentation of the differing shades of character between the negroes and the children of unions between white men and black women is masterly.

Miss Daphne du Maurier, Sir Gerald and Lady du Maurier's daughter, photographed at her home at Fowey, Cornwall; she is engaged to Major F. A. M. Browning, D.S.O., of the Grenadier Guards. Her second novel, "I'll Never Be Young Again," was published in the spring

A GRIMMER tragedy than that which befell Richard King in *Love's Service* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Margaret Paterson, could not come to any man. He is forced to divorce his wife, Melody, to whom he is absolutely devoted, and, years afterwards, after he has married again, finds her in one of the lowest haunts in Port Said. Miss Peterson makes Melody's complicated nature quite understandable, as she does Richard King's action after the discovery at Port Said. He is one of those loyal single-minded men very difficult to portray in fiction. But his creator has given a life-like portrait of him, so that a story which might have appeared to be forced and exaggerated becomes a reality.

I THINK when you have read *The Night's Candles* (Gollancz; 6*s.*), by René Roy, you will agree with M. Brieux' opinion in his foreword: "I have never met with anything more touching, more impelling, more inspiring. I do not know of a more splendid showing of revolution, nobility and spiritual energy."

René Roy was totally blinded, when not quite twenty-five, during the attack on the Chemin des Dames. When the war broke out he had just been admitted to the École Polytechnique, in Paris. He was blinded in 1917, and three years later graduated with first honours from the same École. To-day he is State Engineer of Bridges and Waterways, an amazing thing for a man who has lost his sight. No one can read this book without being profoundly moved. In its way, it is an epic of heroism. Mr. Homer White's translation is admirable.

MR. MILWARD KENNEDY sets his readers a baffling problem in *The Murderer of Sleep* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), then solves it with his usual clever ingenuity. The murderer in the title is not a destroyer of slumber, Sleep being the name of a village, but the perpetrator of stranglings and other bloodthirsty things. All very mysterious and exciting. In *Cottage Sinister* (Longmans; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Q. Patrick, we have another murder mystery, also in a village. Here a mother and her two daughters are poisoned with hyoscine, no reason being apparent for what looks like a senseless crime. But Mr. Patrick has some startling surprises in a novel which strikes a new note in murder mysteries.

SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON (Cassell; 6*s.*), by Helene Eliot, is a very modern—and German—version of the famous visit, cleverly and humorously conceived. Very outspoken, and the illustrations may be described as "frank and free."

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

THIS drawing by Drian gives an excellent impression of the silhouette exploited by Chanel in her gowns of English cotton velvet. Pale green has been chosen for this example: the fitted bodice fastens down the front with paste buttons, and a scarf in the form of revers is tied at the nape of the neck in a bow. The gloves are made of the same pale green velvet

Scaioni

The Return of the Tunic

THIS lovely gown of pale rose-coloured crêpe from Mainbocher incorporates several of the new tendencies, chief amongst which is the revival of the tunic. Here it takes the form of a shaped basque which falls from a very high waist-line accentuated by a corsage of roses. The wide bands over the shoulders are also very popular just now, and give a broad-shouldered effect with the minimum of elaboration. With this gown are worn long gloves of dark suède

Velvet is very Important

VELVET makes the majority of our evening ensembles this season, and is particularly popular in various shades of red. A dark dahlia red makes the ring velvet gown and short coat trimmed with a garland of leaves of the same material. Debenham & Freebody

BLACK velvet makes this long and comfortable evening wrap which really achieves its aim—to keep one warm and well covered as well as chic on cold winter nights. The three-quarter length sleeves and the high collar are made of silver fox. Debenham & Freebody

BLACK freize makes this attractive coat, which has a cross-over collar of fox fur and a narrow belt of the material. The coat is lined throughout with crêpe de Chine, and has novel sleeves, puffed at the elbows, which give it a very dashing appearance. Harvey Nichols

THIS coat of beige bouclé hopsack dispenses with a belt, but has rows of stitching to accentuate its long, slender lines and its guantlet cuffs. The roll collar is of flying squirrel, and a novel vest protects one's chest from winter winds. Marshall & Snelgrove

A PLASTRON front and collar of grey Persian paw distinguishes this coat of grey tweed which is a copy of a Drecoll model. The high collar and the one-sided rever are fastened by large fur buttons, and a third is placed at the waist-line. From Marshall & Snelgrove

DARK brown angora tweed makes this neat coat and skirt, trimmed with narrow bands of dyed lamb. The cut of the shoulders and sleeves is extremely chic and contemporary, and the shaped lower half of the sleeve gives interest to a slender line. From Harvey Nichols

THIS one-piece dress is made of a novelty woollen in stone colour, and is trimmed with military braid cleverly used to accentuate the shoulder width and sleeve interest. It also boasts a wide black patent leather belt and some large metal buttons. Debenham & Freebody

AN unusual coat made of an intriguing new type of woollen material has a scarf of black, brown and blue as a finish to its military neck-line, which is fastened by a row of large buttons. More buttons trim its gauntlet cuffs, and a belt accentuates the waist. Harvey Nichols

Flying Golf

The R.A.F. Championship at the Berkshire Club

The winner, Squadron-Leader C. H Hayward, who has now won the R.A.F. Championship eleven times since it was instituted in 1921, with Air Vice-Marshal Sir David Munro

At the 16th: Air Vice-Marshal MacEwen and Air Vice-Marshal Longcroft, who was supported by his Labrador, Shot

Squadron-Leader A. J. Brown and Squadron-Leader P. T. Rutherford, who was second in the Second Division of the 18-holes bogey competition, being 3 down to the "Colonel"

Above: F. O. Pharazyn, who was beaten in the first round by Wing-Commander Drummond, one of the semi-finalists, going to the fifth green with Wing-Commander J. C. P. Wood

Right: Squadron-Leader Boumphrey playing out of the rough; he was beaten 5 and 4 in the first round by Squadron-Leader C. H. Hayward, the winner

Centre: Wing-Commander A. Shekelton and Flight-Lieut. C. D. Adams, who tied first in the four-ball competition with Squadron-Leader Hanmer and F. O. Pharazyn; Wing-Commander Shekelton also won the 9-holes handicap

Above: Two more competitors in the Royal Air Force G.A. Championship: Flight-Lieut. F. J. Powell and Squadron-Leader C. V. Parr

Left: Squadron-Leader H. G. Bushell, who has lost his left arm, driving from the 16th tee

Photographs by Bertram Eary

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Wanted—The Freedom of the Air ! By Capt. C. E. Ward

International Touring

THE French scheme for internationalising civil aviation would seem quite unnecessary if flying were allowed to develop unhampered by political restrictions. There are no frontiers in the air, and therefore the only reasons which exist for compelling a pilot to land when passing into another country are to prevent smuggling and, possibly, espionage. Regulations governing flying are becoming more numerous and complicated each year, and the tourist from England has to rely on the "A.A." or some similar concern to fill in reams of forms when preparing for a foreign trip in his own machine. Passengers by air-liner are more fortunate, but only for the reason that the operating companies have spent much time and money in negotiating agreements with foreign concerns so that their passengers may travel without difficulty. If air-transport is to become a commercial proposition, operators must be free to make trading arrangements with foreign companies on business lines, but whilst subsidies are the rule, and the only raison d'être for many air-lines, little progress can be made in the direction of "free trade" in the air. The Indian Government's attitude to Imperial Airways is a typical example of obstruction which should not be beyond the power of diplomacy to alter. Russia, Turkey, even France and Italy, place every obstacle in the way of air development by foreign companies which may conflict in the slightest degree with their own national concerns, irrespective of whether the latter are running efficient services or not. The recent Week-End Aérien held in England was a great success, and there is faint hope that the influence of private pilots abroad may, in time, secure a more reasonable attitude on the part of the authorities to easy intercourse by air.

Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, M.P., with his pilot, Miss Winifred Spooner, at Heston before their departure for Persia on a flying holiday. Mr. Everard has his own aerodrome in Leicestershire. He is accompanied to Persia by Mr. W. R. D. Perkins, another Member of the House, who is flying his own machine

By Imperial Airways to Arabia

WHETHER anyone will want to take a holiday on the rocky coast of Arabia or try to do business with the local sheikh is doubtful, but on and from the service leaving London on October 1st passengers for India will travel along the southern shore of the Persian Gulf after leaving Basra, rejoining the north coast at Gwadar. It seems curious that Persia has deprived itself of the benefit of the British service, which connected its coastal towns with Iraq and India, especially as the local Junkers company, operating internal routes, has closed down, and the Persians themselves are incapable of running their own routes. The Arabian shore of the Gulf looks uninviting from the air, but plenty of good landing-places exist, and the Imperial Airways anticipate no difficulty in maintaining their regular schedule to the East. Plans for a British connection to Australia are well advanced, but, in the interim, the Indian Government has arranged with K.L.M. to carry mails between Calcutta and Rangoon. On the Mediterranean section, some fast flights have been made during the last few months, with the "Kent" class flying-boats, the best being from Athens to Alexandria in 4 hours 40 minutes nonstop; the pilot, Captain Drew. The latest time for posting Indian air-mail has been changed to 11 a.m. at the G.P.O. on Saturdays.

The largest of the German Junkers air-liners flying over the Ausseralster, at Hamburg, with the DO.X. moored at the quayside. Shell Haus is a prominent feature on the other bank of the lake. The Junkers, which spent a week flying over London when the Graf Zeppelin paid its recent visit to Hanworth, is the first passenger machine to be built with two decks

The Bristol Garden Party

ON October 1st, the Bristol and Wessex Club will be at home to all private owners, the occasion being the annual Garden Party, which has been such a success in former years. It is an informal meeting for members, visiting pilots and their passengers, guests arriving before 1.45 p.m. being entertained to lunch by the Club, and those able to stay the night are invited to a dance at the Spa Hotel. Two competitions will be held for pilots with an "A" licence. One of the Imperial Airways' liners has been chartered to carry visitors from London who are not private owners, leaving Croydon at 10 a.m. on Saturday morning, October 1st, and returning from Bristol on Sunday at the same time. Fares are £2 for the single journey, and £3 16s. return, by prior arrangement with Captain L. P. Winters, the manager of the Bristol Airport. There was an interesting ceremony last week when J. S. Fry and Sons, the chocolate manufacturers, joined a select company of firms employing their own machines for business purposes. Lord Apsley, M.P. for Bristol Central, who flew to Somervale, landing on the factory's ground, inaugurated an air express delivery service, which will enable Fry's products to be carried to any part of England in an hour or so, besides giving the firm the benefit of high-speed transport for their representatives.

The Lord Mayor's Air Coach

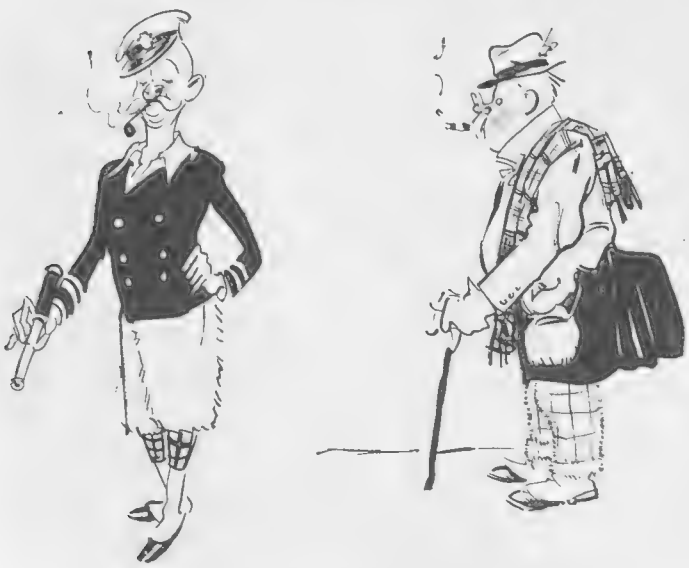
AN aviation display for Essex will be held at Romford next Saturday, when the Lord Mayor of London will fly in State from Heston, using the Spartan Cruiser as his Coach. A large number of pilots, with their machines, have agreed to take part in the events, which have been arranged by Mr. Hillman to stimulate interest in an airport for the county. His own site at Maylands is not ideal for this purpose. Although very convenient for taxi work and for the service to Clacton which his company operates every day, it would be difficult to enlarge, and impossible for use at night, owing to the gradient and surrounding obstructions. No doubt some other site in the vicinity can be found, but, in any case, Mr. Hillman's organising ability and his genius for getting things done will be a great asset to Essex.

The Lord Mayor's pilot from Heston to Romford will be Lt.-Col. Louis Strange, D.S.O., whose experience goes back more than twenty years to days before the war, when he flew at Brooklands. Machines of that era were doubtful starters, difficult to control on a gusty day, and had no reserve power, very different from the Spartan Cruiser, for instance, which can climb using only two of its three engines.

Collaborators at Large:

Up the Kilts! By Gerard Fairlie

Comic Cuts by H. H. Harris

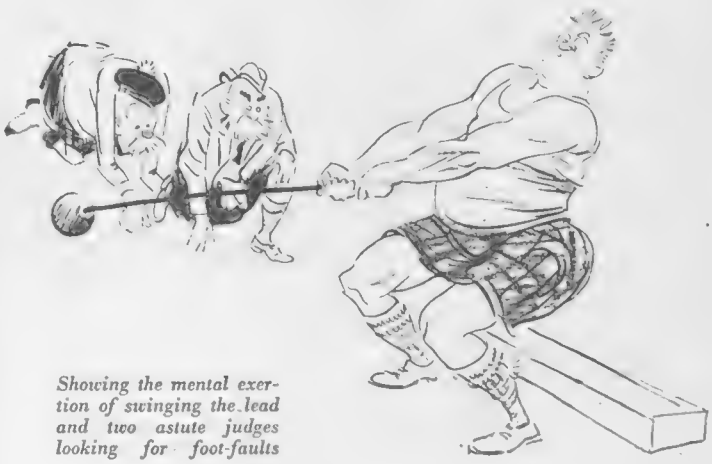


It is nice to know that the Highland gatherings are just as dressy as Cowes

HARRIS and I have been away for our holiday. Harris, when we were discussing the matter, voted solidly for the South Coast. In the meantime I was voting solidly for the North of Scotland, grouse, trout, deer, dears, and very few old trout. Harris was shaken, and said something was reminiscent about Scotland, but still . . . until I mentioned jelly-fish, which decided Harris, as it became a double Scotch tour.

NOW when we got to Scotland several things became only too obvious at once. The first thing that was noticeable was the absence of water—I should say, the absence of water in the rivers. The result was that Harris and I could not catch a fish at all, because (so we were told) the new fish were unable to get up the rivers and the old ones, having survived one season and being unable to get down the rivers, were most certainly not going to get caught by any old imitation fly, especially if it was attached to a line swung by Harris or me. All we did was to make rough river out of smooth pool, disentangle lines, re-tie flies, ripple calm waters, disentangle lines, and once, on a great occasion, I caught my own left ear.

THE second thing that was obvious was that Harris was not meant to shoot grouse, anyway. The grouse passed over the butts with supercilious smiles whilst Harris discharged pellets into his loader, two beaters, and once (most unexpectedly) his own right foot. This caused Harris to take a dislike to shooting as a pastime, and so we went on down to the seaside to bathe.



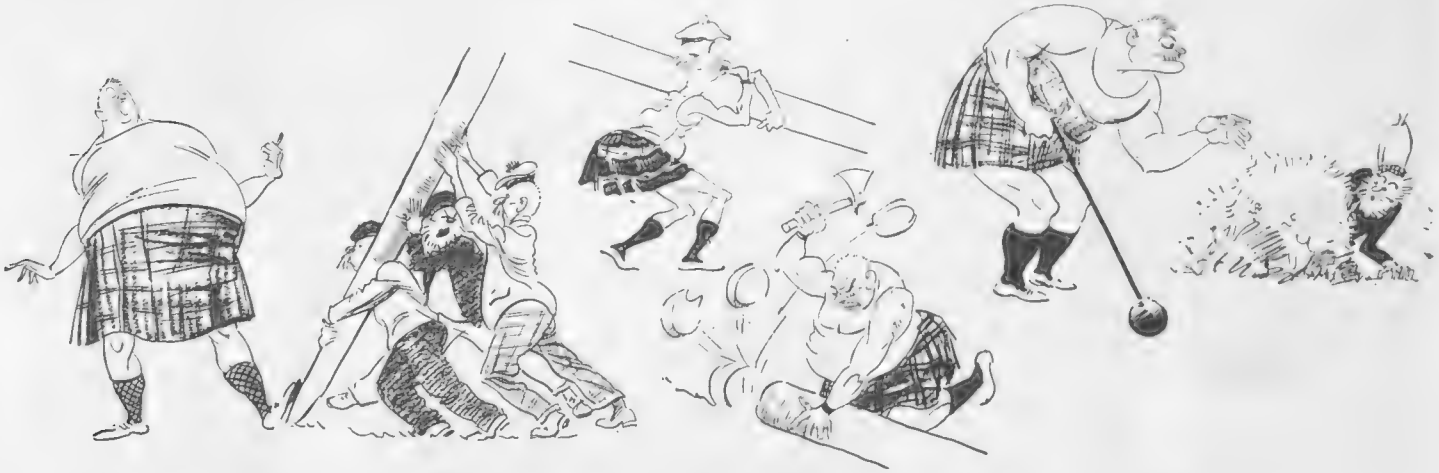
Showing the mental exertion of swinging the lead and two astute judges looking for foot-faults

There were no jelly-fish. They have more sense. When Harris and I got un-numbed we straightway went in search of the spirit of the country.

It was not hard to find. And while we were discussing it they told us about the Highland Games. It may have been the spirit, but we said "cabers" to each other and off we went.

NOW Highland Games are something quite distinct to Scotland. I am not suggesting that people don't run races against each other elsewhere on foot, on bicycles, running, and walking; I am not insinuating that people don't dance peculiar dances for prizes in other parts of the world; I am not soliciting your interest in the pipes—after all, as Harris said, you have to be born that way. But if you haven't seen a Highland gathering in full swing, then your education is incomplete even if you know that Attilius Scaurus helped to man the Wall and helped to build the Roman roads, and that Anthony Scarr cheeked Elizabeth and got away with it. Highland Games are part of the ancestral history of America.

TAKE the setting first of all. Usually a valley. Great mountains towering all round, but in full dress: for the heather is blooming as are the cheeks of the Highland chieftains. Green—



The ground staff work out the law of leverage with the caber. . . . An unsuccessful competitor is seen taking his caber home, while another unsuccessful competitor makes firewood of his. . . . On the right, an official assumes a silly position behind a clump of heather after giving a wrong decision

amazingly bright green—patches here and there on the mountain sides, where a farmer has unexpectedly cultivated a field; more green, a darker shade, where great trees bend and sway in the gentle breeze.

DOWN in the valley all sorts of things are stirring in the gentle breeze. Flags, tents, kilts, feathers, female silks and Highland hearts. The green arena is gaily marked out as an ordinary athletic ground might be, but instead of whitewashed lines there are little poles with bright standards fluttering to mark the track. In the middle of the ground, opposite the stands, a raised daïs makes quite certain that the eightsomes and flings will be witnessed by everybody, and a stirring sight they make. Dancers in all tartans competing for their money before the stern gaze of elderly chieftains, who themselves are looking forward to disporting themselves in a similar manner later in the day on a ball-room floor. The future wives of chieftains, and the future wives of just ordinary kilts, looking demure and interested. Very interested in the dancing.

And in all else that is going on as well. There is a man, an enormous man, having a tremendous struggle with what appears to be a full-grown tree. A few staggering paces backwards, a few exotic paces forwards, whilst the tree is still in charge; a sudden assumption of command, and a steady forward motion until the man hurls the monster staff from him. It falls sideways, perhaps, and a disgusted shrug of the shoulders says more than even the athlete could put into words; another kilted giant advances to do battle.

Into the teeth of the storm. Highland wrestling seems to be an all-in and all-out affair

BUT all the time there are races going on, some on bicycles and some just on the owners' running shoes. It is a curious thing that at these Highland gatherings the grass track is so seldom worthy of the name. Harris and I wondered whether Cornes of Oxford would have thought himself a competitor in a three-mile race after winning the mile—say—at any of the Highland Games; whether tyres suffer from the ravages of infuriated grass. Harris said he would not care to ride a bicycle in any of those races; I merely doffed to those who did.

They have to hurry sometimes. A badly directed caber may disturb the quiet of a twenty-lap race, or the cool of an eightsome in the sun. But not all eightsomes are in the sun, or foursomes on a golf-course.

I HAVE inferred that the Highland chieftains who are judging the dancing during the daytime are themselves displaying their steps at the balls which usually follow these Highland Games. For the chieftains and their families, all those, in fact, who boast of a clan and a certain amount of money, retire from the athletic arena to the local dancing-rooms after the sun has set in the heavens. And all the others—those local inhabitants, no less of the clans, but not of a class which makes its officers—repair to other and lesser dancing-halls, where they amuse themselves in a like manner. At these dances the kilt is much in evidence, and those who go and witness the spectacle of a kilted reel for the first time, leave with a feeling of wonder that the male Scot does not always wear his kilt, and that so few even of those who are resident in Scotland wear a kilt for evening dress. For, surely, there is nothing so becoming to a fine upstanding man than this ancient national attire, nor anything more certain to make significant what would otherwise appear insignificant.

THE sun, quite rightly, is usually high in the heavens on Games day in order to get a better view. And as this action is always cheering to mere mortals, the day is one which is remembered and looked forward to, not merely by the local inhabitants of the miles around, but by the demure young ladies who have failed to stir something in the Highland hearts of that particular vintage. There is something in these Highland Gatherings which fairly reeks of romance, rather as there is always a chance even for the least attractive on board ship. What can it be? The music of the pipes? The sway of the kilt? Or just our old allies, the sunset and the moon, combined with the purest of air which is in Scotland?

Harris and I are darned if we know, but those Gatherings are national and inspiring, the sort of thing which makes you hold your breath and long for something dreadful, like . . . war . . . or passion . . . or . . . oh, hell!—well, anyway, Harris and I had a gr-r-r-rand holiday.

G. F.

A happy Scot, minus several parts of his anatomy, taking home his well-earned medal

Old Lairds going full out for their yearly fling

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Lawn tennis at Eastbourne: Mr. M. E. Nigel Jones and Sir E. Gwynne Evans, who played together in the Veterans' Doubles

Girthing up: Mrs. K. Petre getting her Invicta ready for the Ladies' Handicap Race at Brooklands, at the last B.A.R.C. meeting this season

THE eleventh-hour selection of Bowes, the Yorkshire fast bowler, as seventeenth man in the M.C.C. team for Australia was inevitable. If ever a man bowled his way into a side, Bowes did, and everyone will be glad that his persistence in the face of much criticism has been rewarded. He took 92 wickets at an average cost of 13 runs during the last six weeks of the cricket season, and it is important to note that during this period the dry spell made playing conditions as like those in Australia as possible.

Bowes has been the most discussed bowler of the year, and he made himself decidedly unpopular by his habit of bowling short and attempting to bump stubborn batsmen out. My own opinion is that these tactics were unworthy of him, but Bowes is a very decent fellow, and it is his honest belief that he was justified. He has the uncompromising Yorkshire attitude to cricket, regarding it as a game to be won by any means which come within the strict letter of the law. That he has done much to make Yorkshire champions again there is no doubt, but he has not yet convinced me that he is right about this bumping theory of his. He is too good a bowler to descend to such brutish methods, for he can make the ball do a little either way, and from his height of 6 ft. 4 ins. he causes it to rise at an extremely awkward angle, even when he keeps a good length. At any rate, there is no denying the fact that his selection improves our chances in Australia considerably, for on present form he is an infinitely more effective bowler than either Larwood or Allen. Bradman, in particular, may have cause to regret this move by the M.C.C. selectors, for he is unhappier against fast bumping stuff—if, that is to say, he is ever unhappy—than he is against any other kind of bowling.

Unfortunately, our gain with Bowes is counter-balanced by the loss of Duleepsinhji, with whom there will be widespread sympathy. It seemed that he had finished with his lung trouble when he was up at Cambridge, though the recurrence is not altogether surprising. He has never been strong, and when I saw him at Cardiff during the Test Trial match, I thought he looked ill and tired. Let us hope, at any rate, that his recovery will be swift and permanent, for we shall miss him sadly if he is unable to play next summer.

AND now, for a moment, to athletics, for I am delighted to note that Mr. Hampson, the Olympic half-miler, has been rebuking a gentleman, who suggested that he should attempt to break some more records.

The whole athletic world, remarks Mr. Hampson, has of late become far too keen on record-breaking, and that is something that badly needed saying. Running is not a matter of stop-watches and statistics, but of beating opponents in straightforward racing, and record-breaking—here I quote Mr. Hampson again—should be merely incidental to the winning of the race.

Mr. Hampson may never make the Americans see this point of view, but if he can put it before our own athletes he will be doing a great service. I hope he will repeat his remarks at greater length and with equal force when the British Sportsman's Club give their luncheon to the British Olympic Team on the 10th October. He should, in fact, be specially invited to make a speech on these lines, for it is time some publicity was given to the outlook of men who play games with no ulterior motive beyond the acquirement of enjoyment and health.

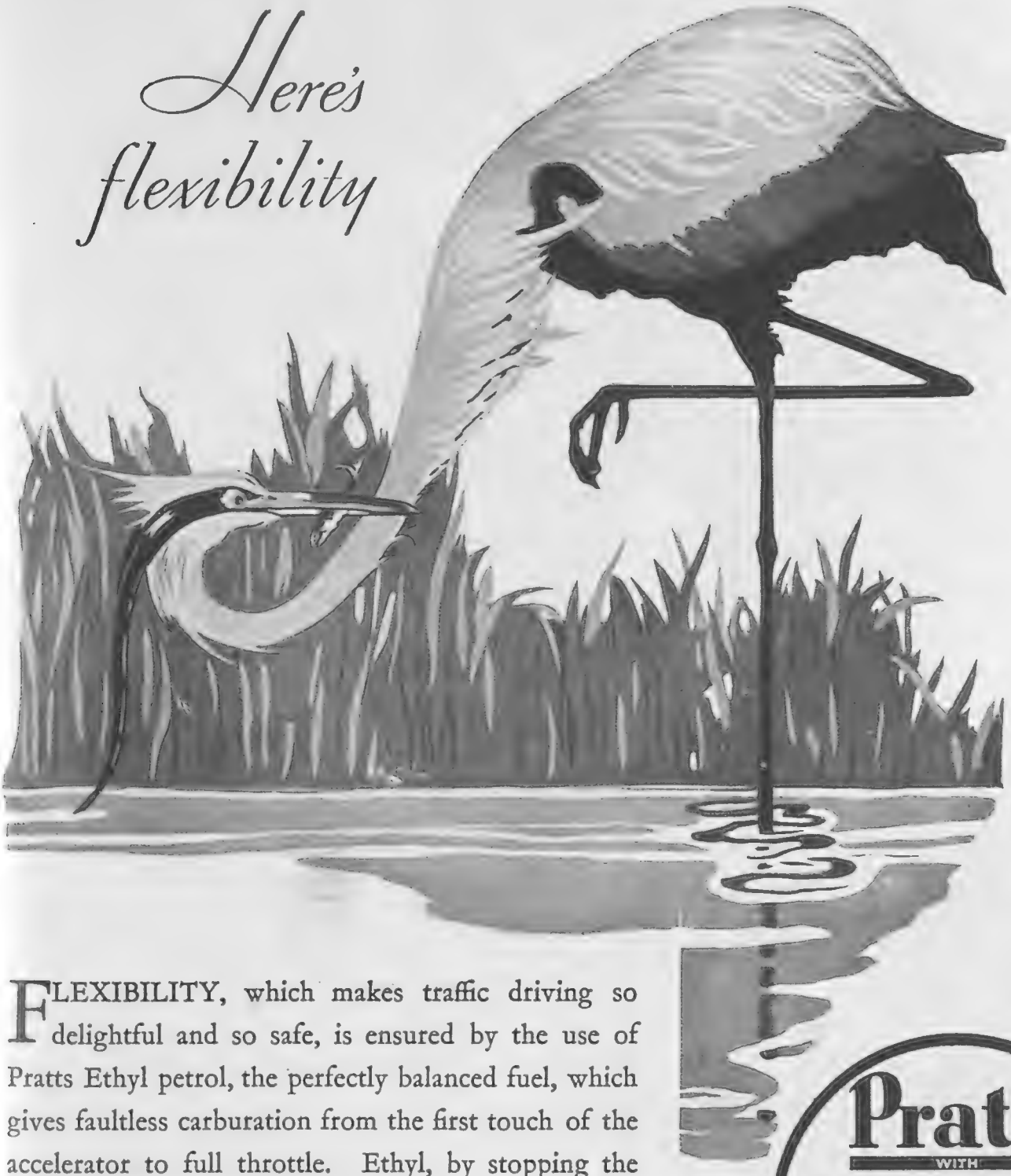
I WISH, too, that someone in authority could make a public protest against the proposal to introduce pelota into

(Continued on page 576)

Caps and Captains

Or hands across the tee. Francis Ouimet and Tony Torrance, the American and English Walker Cup team captains, pose suitably for the camera during the morning round of the disastrous-for-England foursomes at Brookline

Here's flexibility



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Letters of a Lady Golfer

Eleanor E. Helme *writes Chapter One of* "The Bystander" Girls' Open Golf Championship

DEAR BYSTANDER—

CONGRATULATIONS! Evidently you are going to keep up *Eve's* reputation for glorious weather, judging by the sample so far supplied for your Girls' Championship. Congratulations, too, on the amazingly high quality of the play in it, so that people at Stoke Poges have been respectively dumbfounded, if they were parents or guardians, or despairing if they were mere grown-up referees, contemplating how they would be outdriven by these young slashers when, in a year or two, they meet them in grown-up championships. (Incidentally, they forget that these same youngsters would probably play somewhat less well against their elders; we always play as well as our opponents let us, don't we?) Of course, severe criticism is accounted heresy by some. There was a very eminent male judge of golf watching on the first day who dared to voice the opinion that somebody had dreadful style. His female relatives and friends set upon him with shocked cries of "Hush!" and the eminent gentleman thereafter confined his strictures to a referee who . . . But never mind referees; they come, most nobly, to be there in case of need, and, most of all, to restrain over-zealous Press photographers, but they are only distinguished golfers, and the people who matter at Stoke Poges during the Girls' Championship are those who haven't yet seen nineteen birthdays. Some referees were frankly crushed. "Why did you ask me to come here?" said one pathetically—and she a County Finalist to boot. "I'm feeling so depressed at the distance these children hit the ball. I shall give up golf." People have talked that sort of rubbish before now, but never with quite such good reason. The length was amazing, the standard very, very high, and much less stage-fright about, as one might expect.

Driving à l'Americaine

Miss Grace Amory, of Deepdale, L.I., the only American entrant for the Girls' Golf Championship, was beaten 2 and 1 by Miss Jessie Anderson in the third round

Nearly But Not Quite

Miss Aline de Gunzbourg, the runner-up, was defeated in the finals by Miss Doran at the nineteenth. She is with Miss N. Van Zwanenberg, whom she defeated 5 and 4 in the first round

IT was grand, the day before the Championship started, to see what a fine show the present girls put up in the Girls' Golfing Society Meeting, which all the past ones compete in, too. Of course, not "all" were there, but Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Diana Plumpton were, with a good many others, yet only Miss Plumpton was allowed to get into the list of first prizes, and she only did it by one stroke. That was for the scratch prize, and you really might have thought that, with 75, nobody would be hard on her heels. But they were: Miss Isabella Rieben, 76; Miss Jessie Anderson, 78; Miss Pauline Doran, 79. We knew Miss Rieben was a nearly first-class player when she won the Welsh Championship this spring and took tops of International teams so far at Saunton, and we'd heard rumours from Scotland of Miss Anderson's excellent style, but, honestly, even I, who knew most that there was to know about them both, hardly expected anything as low in the seventies as that. It was splendid. So was Miss Doran's 79, because she has been out of luck all this year, and this seemed to show she was quite determined that Stoke Poges was her course, the Girls' her event, and it was all very well for us to make a fuss of the newcomers, but she was quite able to hold her own, thank you, whether we blew trumpets for her or not.

She kept up that form, too, the next day, the first of the Championship, which is all you can hear about this week. I seem to be rather on the ramble, because things have really been exciting, and I've only this minute seen Miss Aline de Gunzbourg go out in 35—and it's difficult to collect thoughts consecutively. But I'll try. Well, Wednesday, the first day of the Championship, was a glorious summer's day, almost a heat wave. Mercifully, golf kit is so sensible nowadays. Of course, you can wear an ultra-long skirt if you are minded that way, but at least your sleeves are probably cut short neatly, so that you do not have to roll them up, and, on the whole, I don't know when the Girls' Championship has been better or more sensibly dressed. Just as well, because so many folk came to watch, and, without making them vain, I do like to see golfers take some sort of trouble how they look on the course, don't you? One does hear one's menkind say such biting things about some lady golfers.

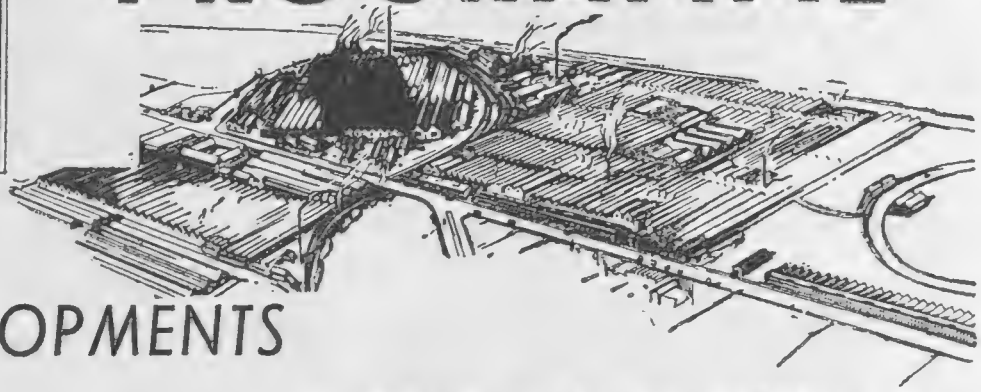
The course was beautiful, as well as the weather, but that was not the real reason why everybody was hitting the ball so far: it was just because young things nowadays all do, and if they cannot, they may as well stop at home and take up marbles. Naturally, length is not everything—it never will be—but every golfer has it nowadays as a commonplace, and certainly these young ones have.

THERE were two chief topics after the morning round: Miss Jessie Anderson's fine style and great round, and the sad débâcle which had overtaken Miss Peggy Grant—an 8 and 7 beating from Miss Grace Amory, our one, and very welcome, American

(*Continued on page 576.*)

AS · DEPENDABLE · AS · AN · AUSTIN

The AUSTIN PROGRAMME



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1. A NEW MODEL

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2. NEW SIXTEEN SALOON

—the Berkeley, with appealing body lines—drop-mounted, long, sleek—and sloping windscreen, streamline front and inclined door pillars as features of its fine contours. The interior improvements include a new flood-lit instrument panel.

3. NEW RANELAGH LIMOUSINE

—a body design which makes this magnificent seven-seater even more than ever like a £1,000 car. Its streamline front, waistline moulding and petrol tank housing, all new, enhance its superb lines.

4. TWO NEW TEN-FOUR MODELS

Companion cars to the famous Ten-Four Saloon—the Tourer and Two-Seater, with quickly erected all-weather equipment. The contour of the back panelling of the Ten-Four de luxe Saloon has also been improved, and larger lamps and Magna wheels with larger sized tyres (4.50 ins. x 18 ins.) added.

5. TWO IMPROVED BODIES ON THE SEVEN

A Four-Seater Tourer and a Two-Seater, both on the long wheelbase chassis. These new roomy bodies, finer in appearance, give greater riding comfort.

6. TWIN-TOP FOUR-SPEED GEARBOX ON THE SEVEN,

at no extra charge, results in better all-round performance and greater driving-ease. Wider brake-drums increase braking efficiency. Other refinements include new finger-tip engine controls on the steering wheel and an improved position for the engine starter.

7. REAR PETROL TANK ON THE SEVEN

is a new feature, coupled with a petrol pump feed, a new horizontal-type carburettor, and a petrol gauge on a new instrument panel.

8. THERMOSTATIC COOLING

A thermostatic cooling system is introduced on the Twenty, Sixteen, Twelve-Four, and Light Twelve-Six models, thus giving greatest engine efficiency whatever the weather and road conditions.

9. INCREASED COMFORT

Hydraulic shock-absorbers and Silentbloc suspension coupled with free-flex zinc spring-interleaving for easier riding . . . heat-proof scuttle, fume-aprons to gear and brake levers and forward-drop exhaust for engine heat and fume isolation.

10. EASIER CONTROL AND SAFETY

Direct-control four-speed gearbox throughout the range, direct-coupled brakes with warning light on all models (excepting the Seven) and windscreen and all windows of Triplex glass.

11. COACHWORK IMPROVEMENTS

All coachwork is designed to give minimum body 'overhang' for the most comfortable riding. (A particularly good example of this practice is the Ten-Four Saloon). All de luxe models have chromium plated lamps, while Magna wheels and bumpers front and rear are fitted on all de luxe models excepting the Seven.

Complete Range . *7 Distinct Models . 26 Body Styles*

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De Luxe Saloon	£125
Standard Saloon	£115
Four-Seater Tourer	£110
Two-Seater	£105

TEN-FOUR MODELS

De Luxe Saloon	£168
Standard Saloon	£155
Four-Seater Tourer	£148
Two-Seater	£148

LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR MODELS

De Luxe Saloon	£198
Standard Saloon	£178
Four-Seater Tourer	£168
Two-Seater	£168

LIGHT TWELVE-SIX MODELS

De Luxe Saloon	£218
Standard Saloon	£198
Open Road Four-Seater	£195
Eton Two-Seater	£195

TWELVE-FOUR MODELS

Burnham De Luxe Saloon	£288
Windsor Saloon	£268
Open Road Five-Seater	£255
Harrow Two-Seater	£255

SIXTEEN MODELS

Berkeley De Luxe Saloon	£318
Westminster De Luxe Saloon	£345
Open Road Five-Seater	£288
Harrow Two-Seater	£288

TWENTY MODELS New Ranelagh Limousine or Landaulet £575 Whitehall Saloon £498 *(Prices at Works)*

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The Greta Two-piece Suit in Yorkshire Tweed. Coat fully lined with silk and fur trimmed. Colours: sage green, black and white, fawn, brown, and Indigo blue. In two sizes £6

Full Women's £7

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Two Fine Feats

Mr. Henry R. Howell, now Amateur Golf Champion for Wales for the eighth time, as described in our article, beat Mr. H. E. Davies in the final by 7 and 6

Who Won That Cup?

The two finalists in the West of England Amateur Golf Championship, which was played on the Burnham and Berrow course: Mr. R. Straker (left), the winner, and Mr. P. B. M. Wallace, runner-up

TWO very fine performances have been achieved recently by golfers of very different ages, and both are, I think, worthy of special mention. It is true that one of them was not crowned with ultimate success, and occurred in a handicap competition; whereas the other was in a championship, and the merit lay in the winning of this championship.

I will speak first of this performance, for it refers to a very first-class golfer indeed. People interested in golf who read the newspapers may have noticed last week a reference to the fact that H. R. Howell won the Welsh Amateur Native Championship for the fourth time in succession and the eighth time in all. This was just the bare statement of fact—the details are as follows.

HENRY HOWELL won this championship on the first year of its resumption after the war, which was in 1920, when, at Southerndown, he beat John Duncan in the final by two holes. In 1922 he started a sequence of three victories, but from 1924 he had to wait until 1929, when, again at Southerndown, he started this new record-breaking sequence. This is an achievement of which any man may be proud. It is always difficult to break any record, no matter what it may be, and it should be said for Henry Howell, and Welsh amateur golf generally, that there are a great many excellent players who come from the Principality. To hold the Championship of a country eight times in twelve years is very convincing proof that you are unquestionably the best golfer in that country.

BUT Henry Howell has not stopped within the boundaries of Wales for success at golf. He has won numerous other competitions, and he is one of the best players in the Amateur Championship every year. When I say "best," I am referring, of course, to his golfing skill; but the word, to give it the full meaning which I intend it to have in this instance, covers even more than that. Henry Howell plays the game as it should be played. He is anxious to win, of course. He will play as well as he can to win on every occasion on which he takes his clubs out of the locker; but he is not depressed in defeat, and he is a delightful opponent, whether you are his victim or his victor.

His golfing skill is rather surprising in that he is so very small a man in stature, but those of his friends who have tried conclusions with him in a rough-and-tumble, possibly after dinner, have discovered that, like another diminutive first-class golfer in J. H. S. Cannon, he is almost impossible to put on his back. My passport tells me that I am six feet in height and well proportioned, and yet I would no more dream of engaging in single physical combat with either Henry Howell or Boxer Cannon than I would dream of flinging a challenge to Carnera. In each case it is great quickness and great strength of wrist, and I wonder if it is this quickness of eye and suppleness and strength of wrist which is the secret of timing in golf, no matter the size of the individual.

THE other achievement to which I promised a reference was the performance of Mr. F. L. Callender in the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews. In this instance Mr. Callender was not the winner of the Vase, but he reached the final through eight consecutive rounds, and only succumbed in the ninth to a very fine six-handicap player indeed in Lieut.-Col. D. O. W. Lamb. Colonel Lamb won the Vase by defeating Mr. Callender by four holes up with three to play in the final round, and he thoroughly deserved his victory, for all through the competition he played exceedingly well and managed to go from strength to strength as the competition progressed.

BUT the great point about Mr. Callender's achievement is that at the present moment he is in his seventy-eighth year—a fact quite unbelievable to those who watched his youthful endeavours during the various rounds of the competition. The special correspondent of the *Times* infers that he has now been labelled at St. Andrews—in the most sincere admiration, let it be said—"the boy champion," and I can remember only one previous occasion when this insult has been offered to any man with no offence either taken or intended.

TWELVE years ago, in 1920 to be exact, when first I started to play golf in team matches, I can remember meeting Mr. Callender when I was playing for a team opposed to Ranelagh. I am not absolutely certain by what margin Mr. Callender beat me, but I remember that it was a very comfortable victory for him. I do hope Mr. Callender will forgive me when I make this remark about that match: in my youth and inexperience I was rather ashamed of myself for losing to someone I thought too ancient for me to be defeated by. At that time, I think I am right in saying, Mr. Callender's handicap was something very near scratch. He has now achieved everlasting fame with a handicap of twelve, the amount which the handicapping committee of the Royal and Ancient allotted to him for this Vase Competition, and no doubt Mr. Callender will do equally well in any competition in which this generous treatment is meted out to him. He must be one of the most money-making twelves that the world has ever seen! Quite seriously, however, I would like to add my congratulations to those of the special correspondent of the *Times*, for Mr. Callender's performance is one which will be very hard to beat by any of the seniors.

NEWS is beginning to filter through with regard to that most depressing subject, the Walker Cup, but I have no desire, as I stated last week, to make any remarks of a critical nature before the return of those who may be criticised. It seems to me very unmannerly of those critics who write hotheadedly about this latest disaster long before those who took part in the match have the smallest chance of defending themselves. More than unmannerly . . . it seems to me unfair. After all, there is probably only too little to be said; you cannot criticise a man for being unable to reproduce his best form on the very day on which he wants to. It is not his fault. He is trying his best. It may be that our representatives did not play quite up to the standard which was expected of them, or perhaps which they expected of themselves. They deserve, in that case, sympathy—not criticism. But the plain fact seems to me, at the present moment, before full information is to hand, to be that the American amateurs are better than our own amateurs, day in, day out; that they deserved their win, and that, horrible though the thought may be, perhaps they even deserved to win so easily.

The Girls' Open Championship: *Continued from page 572*

invader. Now Miss Amory is a really good young golfer, with a typically American swing; there is no shot needed at Stoke Poges which she is incapable of playing, and her putting is excellent. All the same, I cannot feel she would have beaten Miss Grant by all that if Miss Grant had not been completely overcome by the thought that she was upholding British honour against the U.S.A. The luck was against her with a stymie at the first hole, where she did put a very pretty chip dead, only to be stymied; but the plain truth was that she was so nervous that she could not fight against such things as the American player's second shot four yards from the fifth, or other brilliancies of that sort. It was the same sad story—speaking as a Britisher—in the afternoon, when Miss Rhoda Kearney, the only Irish entrant this year, and a very nice stylist herself, was in a similar dither. Still, she held on as far as the fifteenth green, and if she had just managed to hole the putt for a 2 at the seventh, after hitting the pin with her tee shot, things might have gone differently.

Congratulations to—

Miss Pauline Doran (left), now Champion for the third year in succession, won after being dormy one down. She is with Miss Sylvia Bailey, runner-up in 1930 and 1931, and Miss Mervyn Barton

THE other morning heroine was Miss Jessie Anderson, who comes from Craigie Hill, Perth, and seemed to bring a real bit of Scotland over the Border, between her Menzies tartan and her splendidly crisp, wide swing. A really good golfer this, who I am picturing as Scottish champion before so very many more years have gone over her sensible little head. She never looked like making a mistake against Miss Enid Pears, a girl with a good deal of power, who took Miss Doran to the twentieth last year, and 36 out, two under fours for thirteen holes was the sort of thing you smacked your lips over as much as over that long, long drink which came so very grateful and comforting to you at lunch-time. She played one bad shot at the eighth, and lost it, but that was all. In the afternoon she was less impressive as to figures, but the swing was there, and we are all on tip-toe for her match to-morrow morning with the American girl. (How I do wish I needn't post this to you to-night, only then it would be the same story of wishing I needn't to-morrow, because I fancy we shall all be on tenterhooks till the Championship is actually over.) You see, I had quite made up my mind that Miss Isabella Rieben, was going to win. But it is very hard to know that much is expected of you, that you are a year older and much more experienced than your afternoon opponent, and after beating the better of the Whitfield twins in the morning, poor Miss Rieben had it firmly put across her in the afternoon, to the tune of 8 and 7, by Miss Aline de Gunzbourg, the Esmonds' cousin. Miss de Gunzbourg has a fine purposeful swing, without undue hurry about it, and if you, who know Stokes Poges well, are not impressed with these figures of her's (even from L.G.U. tees), you don't deserve to have any more letters from me—5, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 2, 4, 4, = 35 out, 6, 2, 4, one under fours for the match. I don't feel that Miss Rieben really played badly, but it was the sort of golf which simply could not be coped with. Miss Kathleen Merry, from Yorkshire, and Miss Lulu Esmond were both out in 38; Miss Doran played well again. I wish there was space to tell you what an immense way Miss Beryl Pockett hit the ball, how pluckily a lot of the newcomers fought, and what a delightfully sporting spirit there was about. But space—and time—are up. Most of us are at Stoke Court, and there 's a ping-pong tournament on to-night (and a dance to-morrow) there, so I simply must not go on yarning away to you. Till next week,

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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Sport with the Lid Off: *Continued from page 570*

this country. It is said that a syndicate intend to build pelota courts in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham, and either Brighton or Cardiff, and this project is to cost something like two million pounds. Fifty professional pelota players are to be brought to England from Spain, Mexico, China, and Cuba, and we are then to be invited to gamble at pelota tournaments.

SUPERFICIALLY, there is nothing wrong in the idea, but it means that one more game is to be exploited by financiers, and, to my mind, this is another step towards the general ruination of sport. Pelota is an extremely fast and spectacular game, a mixture of rackets and fives, though I gather that the real pelota, as I have seen it in the Basque country, is not to be introduced over here. We shall be shown the game which is played with a curved basket strapped to the wrist in place of a racket, and a fine game it is, but the genuine and even more exciting variety of pelota is played with the bare hands in an enclosure as big as a rackets court. The skill of the Basque players at this superfives is phenomenal, and their hands have to be as tough as hickory, for the force with which they smash the hard ball is incredible. Naturally, they take the game very seriously, and a great deal of money changes hands at the local tournaments. That is no reason, however, why a further inducement to gambling, and another challenge to the betting laws at the expense of yet another form of sport should be encouraged in England, and I hope the pelota project will die a natural death.

POSSIBLY I am behind the times in my views on the proper function of games in modern life, and it may be that, as Mr. A. M. Crawley suggested the other day, the labourer is worthy of his hire, and all games players will, therefore, unashamedly, become professionals in due course. Still, this is a theory I detest, for, although it is obvious that many games have degenerated into mere spectacles, I think we should fight tooth and nail to preserve the few genuine sports that are left to us from the domination of the spectator. I detest Association football crowds, and Rugby crowds are rapidly deteriorating. The world of sport, in fact, is in a poor way, and the sooner we realise it the better.

I SUPPOSE we might as well wash our hands of some games altogether—Association football, for example, and professional boxing, and lawn tennis, which might as well become a professional sport without any further palaver. And from what I have heard of the recent Olympic games, I doubt whether they are altogether worth encouraging, though before they took place it seemed that they might serve a useful purpose. It would be interesting, at any rate, to hear Mr. Hampson's private and frank opinion of the refereeing at Los Angeles, and also of one or two incidents in which certain runners were concerned. Possibly he might have no complaints, but I should imagine that his comments would be a little unfavourable.

That is beside the point, however: what is really important is that we in England should resist every attempt to spread the commercialisation of our games. M.

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The Psychologist of the Road

Useful Deductions from the Man in Front

By The Earl of Cardigan

Miss Heather Angel, who conquers Bill (Henry Kendall), and her audiences, in "Mr. Bill the Conqueror," is in her turn conquered by the charms of a Vauxhall. Here she is with the car that did it

THE value of psychology in connection with motoring is, at first sight, perhaps, not very obvious. I imagine, however, that quite a number of motorists, consciously or unconsciously, are amateur psychologists. There must, indeed, be very few who do not, to a certain extent, allow themselves to be guided or influenced by psychological considerations.

Where traffic is crowded, it often happens that one is forced to follow another car for a mile or more before it is possible to overtake it. Is there anyone who, under these circumstances, does not take some note of the driver in front? One may not make a profound study of his personality, but one observes something of his character—whether it is cautious or impulsive, and of his driving ability—whether it is that of the novice or the expert.

But how, it may be asked, can one judge a man's character by observing the back of his neck from a distance of twenty feet? And how can one estimate his motoring skill when he is merely playing "follow my leader" at 20 m.p.h.? I will try to explain.

It is nearly always possible to get a glimpse of the hands of the man in front. Hands are very expressive, particularly in giving signals. A weak, floppy signal betokens indecision or inexperience; a bold, peremptory signal shows impulsiveness or determination. The really good driver gives a signal which is different to these, but quite distinctive. It is calm, restrained, unhurried, but perfectly definite.

One soon learns to beware of the floppy signal. The giver will hesitate maddeningly at every opening, never certain whether to hold back or to go ahead. The bold signaller is no better: he may dash forward to "squeeze through," or he may suddenly stand on his brakes in an equally vigorous manner. The calm signaller, on the other hand, is a cause of rejoicing, for one knows that he can be trusted to pursue a smooth and steady course, sparing the nerves of those who have to follow him.

The hands of the man in front are expressive also when they are merely resting on the wheel. Do they grip it fiercely? If so, this is a bad sign. A light hold is much better, provided it is not too slack and lackadaisical. A good driver rests his hands gently on the wheel, but with a grip which can instantly be tightened if the necessity arises.

ANOTHER good indication is the position in which the driver sits. One should never trust the driver who sits bolt-upright. A man sits rigidly only when he is expecting something desperate to happen, or is about to do something desperate himself. Generally speaking, beware the driver whose deportment is not entirely easy and natural. One can be sure only of one thing—namely, that he is not sure of himself.

In the same way, one can learn much from noticing how the car is driven, either the jerky or the sloppy style betraying the "jumpy" or incompetent performer. The good driver never jerks his wheel, because he knows that this is bad for the steering. He never moves it vaguely or aimlessly, because this will confuse as to his intentions. For similar reasons, he accelerates smoothly, using his gears as occasion demands, and applies his brakes gently and progressively.

PERSONALLY, I believe that there are occasions when knowledge of the character of the driver in front may be of very great and definite value. Let us suppose that our procession turns suddenly on to a by-pass road. There is now room to overtake the man ahead, but can we safely do so? In front of him is a stationary lorry, to pass which he must draw out. There is plenty of space, really, for three vehicles abreast; but is this the prudent moment to go ahead, or should we await a better opportunity?

The answer depends entirely on psychology. If the driver ahead is experienced, he will draw out a foot or two beyond the lorry, and we may safely overtake. If he is inexperienced, however, he will draw out needlessly several yards, and may well "squeeze" us awkwardly against the right-hand kerb. The difference here is between safety and serious danger.

Again, the man ahead may suddenly signal his intention to turn to the right at a cross-roads. Seeing this, are we justified in overtaking him on the left of the road? If he is a reliable driver, this would be a perfectly safe and allowable thing to do. If he is a fool, however, his signal is no evidence of his intentions, and he may suddenly make a left-hand turn across our bows. Once more psychology may be the means of avoiding serious trouble.

The New Austin Programme

AN interesting pre-Motor Show announcement is that of the Austin Company, whose 1933 programme includes a new 12-h.p. four-cylinder model. This is to be known as the Light Twelve-Four, and its price is substantially below £200. It does not require much imagination to predict a ready sale for it.

Among various improvements to existing models, the most interesting is the fitting of a four-speed gear-box to the ever-popular "Seven." The performance of the Baby Austin has always been good for its size, but there is no doubt whatever that it will now be substantially better. Four speeds are always welcome, and never more so than when in combination, as in this case, with an engine which is sturdy but diminutive. A distinctly happy thought on the part of the Austin designer.

The new Light Twelve-Four Austin, which is described in our article; the price is well below £200. It certainly doesn't look like an "under £200" car

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Greyhound Racing

By "White Citizen"

I HAVE been surprised and gratified by the number of enquiries which have reached me as a direct result of my article in the issue of THE BYSTANDER dated August 31.

To remind my readers, I discussed in that article whether racing greyhounds enjoyed the sport or whether they disliked chasing the mechanical hare. I came to the very definite conclusion that these dogs do thoroughly enjoy racing, just as much as do the thousands of human beings who go to watch them every night on the various tracks of the country. I said—this is reiteration, but, after all, the point *is* of great interest—that just as people have their personalities, so have dogs, and that their excitement on race nights is ample proof to those who know dogs. This excitement gradually increases as the evening wears on and as the dogs recognise various signs and portents pointing to their individual participation in a race. And again, to those who know dogs, a visit to any properly run greyhound racing track—which means, a track licensed by the National Greyhound Racing Club—will convince even the most sceptical that, far from the dogs being in any way compelled to do something which they dislike, they are themselves eager to take part in the races.

LET us imagine ourselves watching a race at the White City. You have only to watch the dogs parading in the paddock and observe their evident pleasure in all that is going on; you have only to watch them as the bugle blows, emerging on to the track for the parade around the course prior to the race. Some of them—dependent entirely upon the way in which excitement affects them, this varying with each dog in the same way as it does with human beings—cannot restrain themselves from barking happily; nearly all of them are showing, dog fashion, by their tails, that they are excited and pleased; a few only walk round the track quite impervious to what is going on around them. But as the trap is neared, even these imperturbable characters may be seen to show a certain excitement, something in the nature of an anticipatory thrill. Many visitors to the White City are too occupied in those last few moments before a race—and before it will be too late for them to have their wager—to watch the dogs actually entering the trap, but I would advise them to make up their minds a little earlier and to watch this interesting process. There is not a single dog who does not show some sign of being happily excited by the prospect of racing which is before him.

"Let Me Out, Can't You?"

Makimona realises that racing is in the offing and does not want to miss anything, proving, as our article points out, that greyhounds do like racing. Makimona is owned by Miss L. F. Tracey, and trained by McCorkindale at the Northaw kennels

I CAN only suggest, should any of my readers still be doubtful on this point, that by far the best way of proving it is to go themselves to the White City one evening—or to Harringay—and see for themselves all that I have described . . . for, after all, to convince oneself is so very much easier than to be convinced.

THE photograph which adorns this page this week is, in itself, another proof that dogs are anxious to race. Makimona has seen the signs, has recognised them for what they are, and does not approve of the delay; Makimona is asking to be taken to the race-track.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"HOW DO YOU KEEP SO FAIR OF FACE?"

A Beauty Query to which "the Answer is a Lemon."—The Practical, Modern Application of an Age-Old Secret.

I HAVE often thought that an interesting and revealing book could be compiled if the flotsam and jetsam of fact about the cosmetic lore of past civilisations which is scattered through historical and archæological works could be collected together. When I read about the fards, perfumes and unguents with which long-dead Egyptian princesses added to their languorous charms, or of the dances and games to which Spartan maidens owed their physical perfection, of the elaborate baths taken by opulent Roman matrons, and the ingenious creams and lotions and "make-up" used by the sophisticated beauties at the Court of Louis XIV., I am invariably struck by the persistence and survival of ancient "beauty secrets."

So many of the modern systems of beauty culture and contemporary toilet preparations are based on knowledge which seems to have belonged to woman since time began (and was, doubtless, immediately disregarded by the unpunctual gentler sex!). Probably some of the knowledge with which the serpent tempted Eve was a recipe for an infallible face cream which would keep her perpetually young and beautiful, or shield her delicate complexion from the strong rays of the sun in the Garden of Eden!

THE survival of any of beauty's panaceas argues their efficacy. They have been "personally recommended" by friend to friend, and mother to daughter. To-day, when beauty culture is a scientific and commercial fact, the old "secrets" are incorporated with modern discoveries, and very perfect and convenient aids to beauty are evolved. Our mothers and grandmothers had well-placed faith in the efficacy of the lemon and a variety of methods of applying it for whitening and refining the skin. Among the newest and most delightful preparations for the complexion are two lemon creams, one for use at night, and the other for the day-time. They contain, in active form, all the valuable principles of the fresh fruit of the lemon, together with the emollient and nutritive properties of a good skin food.

It is common knowledge that lemons are among the most perfect cleansing agents, and their bleaching powers are undisputed, while not only is the acid which they contain harmless even when applied to the most delicate skin, but what is not so generally known is that they have definite tonic and revitalising properties. It is, therefore, obvious that when these important elements are incorporated with a cream of undeniable purity, scientifically adapted to the needs of the skin, the result is a toilet preparation of exceptional value for keeping the complexion fair, fresh, fine and unwrinkled.

THESE lemon complexion creams are made by the English firm, H. Bronnley and Co., Ltd., and can be obtained from all the good drug stores and chemists. The night cream thoroughly cleanses the skin and lends itself admirably for use as a massage cream, because its substance is smooth and it is easily absorbed. It whitens, nourishes, and acts as a tonic, making the skin firm, fine and soft, and producing a delightful sense of freshness. The day cream has the same beneficial qualities and the same pleasant fragrance of fresh lemons, and is an excellent base for powder should one be required.

Having personally tested these creams, I found that after using them for only a few days (when I returned to London in a sunburned and rather weather-beaten condition!), my skin was appreciably fairer and finer in texture. The day cream gives a very smooth, fine surface, which was an equally satisfactory foundation for the several different kinds of face powder with which I tried using it.

Thus, by modern scientific methods, an old beauty secret is put to practical use and the tedious preparation of home-made lotions and pomades eliminated, while their additional virtues as nourishing, protective, and emollient skin foods make of these lemon creams a comprehensive home beauty treatment in an exceptionally simple form—which is in itself a recommendation in these strenuous days.

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"Buy Me a Biscuit": By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM continually getting letters from people who tell me that their dog is not well, and that he is fed on anything from potatoes to odd bits of pudding, etc. Now this does seem so futile in the face of the good foods that are manufactured for dogs in these days. The staple food for dogs should be dog biscuits, or hound meal of some description, with the addition of cooked or raw meat. I do not believe in feeding either meat or biscuits alone, because it does not make a properly balanced ration. You will meet plenty of cranks who tell you that plain meat is a dog's natural food. So, it may be, but not in the way in which we present it: in his natural state it would be hot, mixed with draughts of rich, hot blood. So as we have to give it cold, and very dead, it is not in the least natural, and therefore there can be no objection on the score of artificiality against dog biscuit.

AGAIN, you will meet people who will tell you that farinaceous food causes eczema, but my reply to that is that, while there are dogs who suffer from eczema (and it is very often hereditary) and who may need a special diet, the average healthy dog does perfectly well on biscuit, and I am certain that a diet of dog biscuits never produced eczema. You may have to cut off all farinaceous food with a dog suffering from eczema, but, on the other hand, you may have to stop all meat. You can only tell by experimenting, and that is no argument against dog biscuits. You must remember that there are literally hundreds of brands to choose from, and that most of them contain meat. So if one sort does not suit your dog, try something else.

I AM often told that "Jack" will not look at a biscuit, but unless he is ill, or does not get enough exercise (a most important point this), he will eat biscuit all right. Try him, to begin with, with the small broken-up sort, and add a few drops of tasty gravy to bring out the flavour. Or else mince the meat and the biscuit through a machine together, so that he cannot get one without the other. If you begin as a puppy with biscuit, you will never have any trouble later in life. I have bred many litters in my life, and I have always started them on biscuit directly they are weaned. (There are different varieties of puppy biscuit.)

An English Champion in Scotland

Muircroft Thora, a Kerry Blue, belonging to Mr. Calvert Butler, of Carnforth, Lancs, which won at the Paisley (Renfrewshire) Open Dog Show

IF I could only afford to feed a dog on one thing, I should choose a good make of biscuit or hound meal, alternating it with some other variety. I should give it in a crumbly, not wet, mash, once a day, and once a day dry. Whenever I had any vegetable, other than potatoes, I should mix it in, and I should try to procure a little water-cress to provide the necessary extra vitamines. But, in practice, everybody can manage to provide some meat for their dog, and, if they do this, they will have no difficulty with its feeding. Biscuit provides the bulk, which is absolutely necessary for digestion and comfort. If you rely on meat alone for the bulk, you must have a great deal, and the ordinary dog does not get enough exercise to carry it off, also, it is very expensive.

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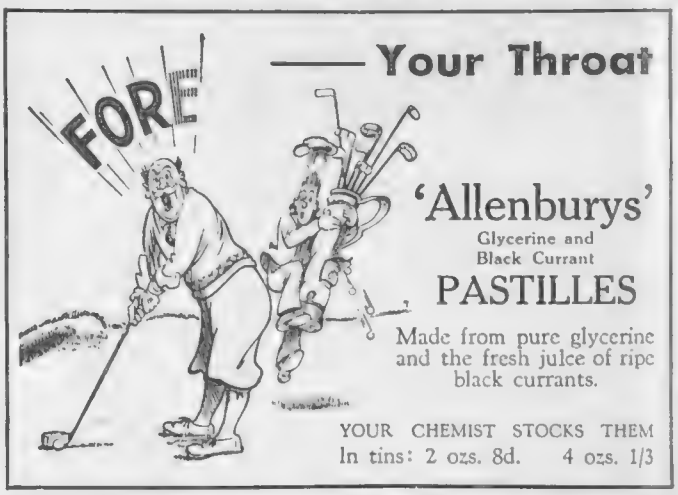

Your Throat

'Allenburys'
Glycerine and Black Currant
PASTILLES

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

YOUR CHEMIST STOCKS THEM
In tins: 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3

LOOK IN THE GLASS

and reflect whether your hair is as nice as you would wish it to be. You can have lovely hair by applying a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL to the scalp every day, rubbing it well into the roots; this will promote the growth, keep your hair in perfect condition and impart to it a beautiful glossiness.

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Made in England.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL is a choice blending of specially selected ingredients and has been made from the original recipe since 1793.
A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.
22, LAYSTALL STREET,
ROSEBERY AVENUE, E.C.1.

Wherever an Englishman travels, whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A"

CARE and pride is taken by Carreras in making CRAVEN "A" Cigarettes to that standard from which smokers rarely change; Arcadia Works is an idealistic expression of the most enlightened practice in Cigarette Manufacture. Throughout the whole of the Tobacco Industry no better conditions exist for the production of good cigarettes.

CRAVEN "A" is the outstanding example among "straight" Cigarettes: No Coupons, No Gifts, No Competitions — nothing but the inherent value of the Cigarette. Craven "A" are smoked every day in their millions by men and women who prefer them to all others and who buy them *regularly* year in, year out . . . . . many have done so, without change, for well into two figures of years.

All the goodness which Carreras so sincerely put into Craven "A" is maintained *within the packings*. Moisture-proof "CELLOPHANE" around every packet, and the "TRU-VAC" hermetically sealed circular tins effectively KEEP-OUT dampness, dryness, dust and dirt and SEAL-IN the fragrant FRESHNESS of packing time. Wherever, whenever you buy, Craven "A" are Factory-fresh — THEY NEVER VARY.

Arcadia Works (London), set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.

Twenty..1/- Fifty..2/6
Hundred..5/-

There are also Craven "Plain" Cigarettes:

— for smokers who want the equivalent of Craven "A" value and character but who prefer a "plain" cigarette to a cork-tipped one. Sold in green packings of the same type and at the same price as the red packings of Craven "A".

CRAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats

The Editor's Box

The Return of the Candle

During the past few years the candle has come into its own again as a charming medium of lighting and decoration.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of candles is that they can be adapted so easily to the requirements of different rooms and colour schemes. On the dining-table, for example, tall candles will shed a soft and agreeable light, creating a friendly atmosphere—unknown to gas or electricity—which sets everybody at ease and encourages pleasant conversation. Wonderful effects can be achieved by introducing candles into dark and dull corners. Two slender candles—orange or old gold or sulphur-yellow—will brighten up a hall or staircase like a splash of sunlight. Women who like to rearrange their rooms at different seasons find a sure ally in candles, for the entire "emphasis" of a decorative scheme can be varied by moving the candles to another position, or by using a new colour or shape.

For all these purposes, an ample choice will be found in the range of Field's "Nell Gwynn" Candles. There are 36 different colours and 10 sizes, many of them obtainable in boxes, containing two or four candles, with candlesticks to match, some of the sets costing only half-a-crown. All "Nell Gwynn" candles are solid-dyed, so that the "cup" formed in burning is of the same colour as the outer surface. If rubbed with a soft cloth, they keep their polished finish indefinitely.

Autumn Fashions

The Autumn Season is welcomed in by Peter Robinson, Ltd., of Oxford Street and Regent Street, in the new catalogue which they issue this week. The fashions for the next few months are illustrated by photographs of dresses, coats, hats, furs, and so on, which can be seen in their showrooms, and anyone who is making autumn purchases should study this guide and prophet with care.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

LUNCHEON

KARI DE LANGOUSTE

PERDREAUX, SAUCE PIQUANTE
POMMES DE TERRE FRITES
HARICOTS VERTS

COMPÔTE DE PÊCHES

SALADE DE FROMAGE

CAFÉ

Kari de Langouste

MELT 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, add an onion, finely chopped, fry it a golden colour; add a small tablespoonful of curry-powder and the same of flour, and fry all well together. Add gradually three-quarters of a pint of white stock, or that quantity of milk. When the sauce is smooth, add a spoonful of chutney and a teaspoonful of cream. Now stir in the crayfish (which has already been cut up in pieces) and stew it in the sauce for about half an hour. Serve in a border of well-boiled rice.

Perdreaux, Sauce Piquante

PREPARE the partridges as for roasting, wipe the insides, and into each bird put a spoonful of Spanish onion, which has been boiled in milk, chopped, and seasoned with pepper and salt. Place the birds in a stewpan with some stock, a piece of onion stuck with two or three cloves, a slice of lean bacon or ham, and a seasoning of pepper and salt; simmer until perfectly tender—about an hour. Take out the birds, drain them, and keep them hot in another pan by the side of the stove, thicken the gravy, after having strained it, and add a good tablespoonful of port wine, a pinch of nutmeg and, if required, a little more pepper and salt. Put the birds on a hot dish and pour the sauce over them.

Compôte de Pêches

PARE half a dozen ripe peaches and stew them very gently for twenty minutes, keeping them often turned in a light syrup made with 5 oz. of sugar and half a pint of water boiled together for ten minutes. Dish the fruit, reduce the syrup by quick boiling, pour it over the peaches and serve them hot or cold. A little lemon-juice may be added to the syrup, and the blanched kernels of two or three peach stones.

Salade de Fromage

SEPARATE some crisp lettuces, leaf by leaf, arrange them in circles round a flat salad bowl; into each leaf put a few thin slices of cream cheese, sprinkle with pepper and salt, add a few drops of lemon-juice to each and a few drops of oil and tarragon vinegar.

Ask Hasan Karan FREE

See what FATE has in store for YOU

EXALTED MYSTIC *and Astrologer Will Send Amazing Forecast of your Life* **ABSOLUTELY FREE**

The wheel of Fortune is daily turning up new opportunities. Let the stars foretell how to get what is yours. Consult this reading before making any changes in home or business affairs—signing papers, love, courtship and marriage, seeking employment, travel, speculation, friends, enemies, health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Now is your chance to obtain an Astral Psychic Chart and life reading that will amaze you—ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send exact date and place of birth (hour, if known). Write your full name and address plainly. You need send no money, but if you wish, you may enclose 3d. to cover postal and clerical expenses. The startling predictions of the stars often lead to unexpected fortune and happiness, which might otherwise never be obtained. Act now. Address: Hasan Karan Studios (Dept. 6) Vesterport Copenhagen Denmark. The correct postage to Denmark at present is 2½d.

THE SALT OF LIFE

Cerebos SALT

Adds flavour to food and zest to life.

SEE HOW IT RUNS!

VAPEX (REG. TRADE MARK) INHALANT

Cures Colds safely

Simply put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the vapour. "Vapex" goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the dark, warm passages of nose and throat. The sooner "Vapex" is used, the sooner will the cold disappear.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.55 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD

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Gives the plan of your life. Have your Horoscope mathematically calculated by expert from **10/6.** Send 1½d. stamp for particulars and application form to—

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the native land of romance . . .

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Communications in modern Spain are convenient—hotels are famous for their comfort and food . . . thus you everywhere can get French cuisine besides the excellent Spanish cookery. And you will find it quite inexpensive to travel in Spain.

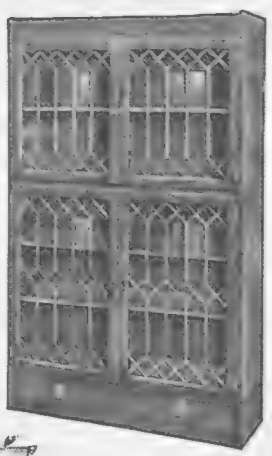
Ask for information from the nearest travelling bureau or directly from Patronato Nacional del Turismo (Spanish State Tourist Department), Madrid (Medinaceli, 2) and Paris (Boulevard de la Madeleine, 12).

T

The MASTERCRAFT UNIT BOOKCASE

BOOK LOVERS

should send for particulars of the "Mastercraft" Unit Bookcase. It is handsomely designed, always complete, and more sections can be added as your library increases. Made in different sizes to suit varying heights of books. Supplied with plain glass doors or leaded lights. British made. All prices reduced.



Bradford, 18th March, 1932.

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Other designs - - from 35/-

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Early Autumn

New HATS

from the original models . . . . . by

Debenhams

Designed and made in our workrooms and carried out in felt cut and embroidered in an original manner to form a trimming. In black and all colours

59/6

Talbot new Tricorne shape is carried out in Delustre velvet and has a smart wing finish 4½ *Gns.*

Lanvin expresses this beret in soft velvet, giving a soft swathed line. To copy 3½ *Gns.*

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1. (Debenhams Ltd.)

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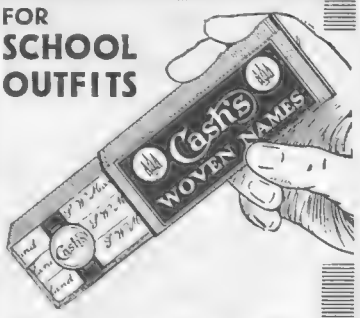

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12 doz. 5/- 6 doz. 3/9 3 doz. 2/9

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Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, from 47/6

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mounted on white art plate sunk mounts.

12/6 *post free.*

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Now is your opportunity to secure a set of these inimitable pictures for your "den," and for your sons to see the kind of humour that helped us through the War.

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All over the world fashionable women whose hair is thinning or turning grey find a renewal of hair beauty in the help we are privileged to afford. Perfect in shade and fit, formed of lustrous, natural hair of surpassing beauty, our Transformations, Toupets, and Fringes recapture the charm of youth. At our West End Salon our Manageress is entirely at your service, whilst a letter will bring a copy of our illustrated brochure (B) with easy measurement chart by return of post. Strict confidence . . . prompt execution of orders, and guaranteed satisfaction have been for 37 years much appreciated features of our service.

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Superb craftsmanship working on exquisite Virginia leaf has produced in Player's No. 3 a cigarette which satisfies the most exacting smoker.

10 *for* 8p
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PLAYER'S No. 3
Virginia Cigarettes

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. 3.P.12.E.

PETER ROBINSON

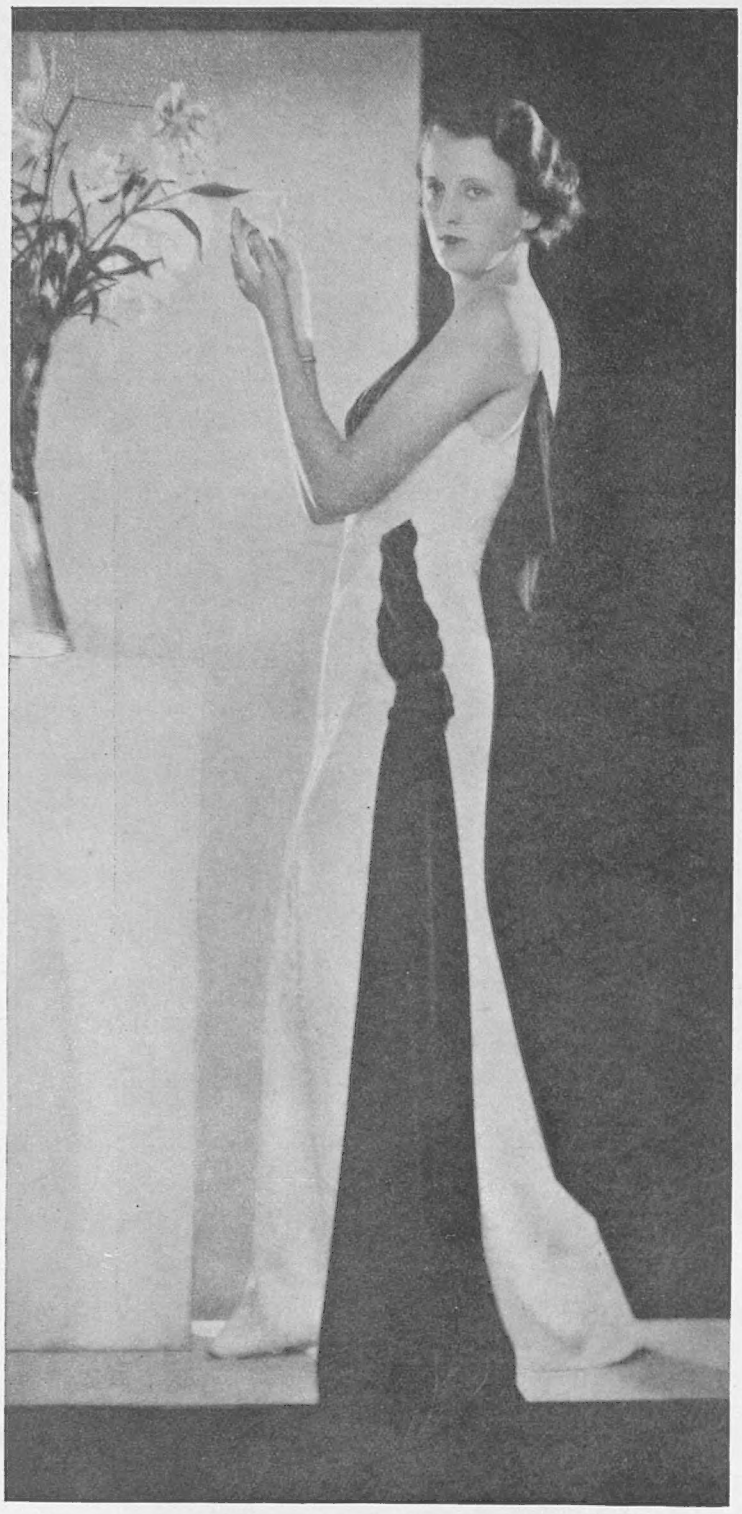
New Hats for Autumn

576.—Hat of Fur Felt, hand-tucked on the crown and trimmed with new eye-veil, and an ornament in various designs. In brown, blue, grey, black and other colours.
Head-sizes. 6⅞ *and* 7⅛ 35/-

577.—Smart Felt Hat with felt trimming and buckle. In black, nigger-brown, beige, bottle-green, wine, Lido-blue, navy or grey.
Head-sizes: 6¾ *and* 7¼ 21/9

Catalogue of AUTUMN FASHIONS sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1



Ice gleam façonné satin and chatalgne mat velvet model by Francis Gilbert (R&A)

To-day the reputation of this famous house remains as high as ever, and no sacrifice is made in quality or perfection of fitting in gowns from as low as fourteen guineas—Sports clothes at even less

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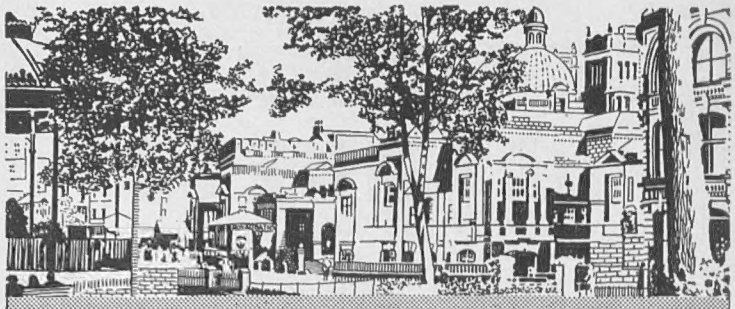
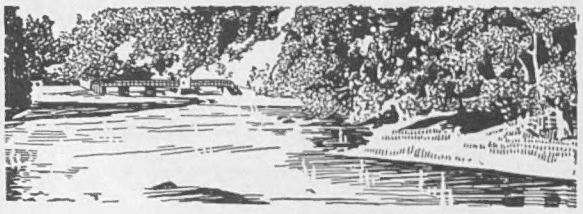


"MECCA of the AILING, the PLAYGROUND of the ROBUST"

HARROGATE

SITUATED IN THE HEART OF LOVELY YORKSHIRE



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FOR THE CURE

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Pullman and Fast Restaurant Car Trains daily from King's Cross Station, London.

Illustrated Brochure No. 39 from F. J. C. Broome, The Royal Baths, Harrogate, or from any L.N.E.R. Agency.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

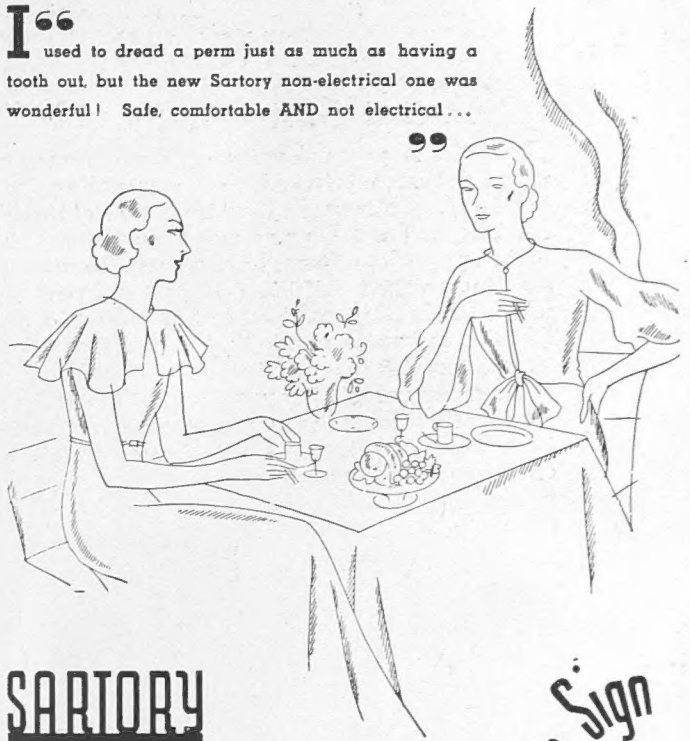
Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It 's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

"I used to dread a perm just as much as having a tooth out, but the new Sartory non-electrical one was wonderful! Safe, comfortable AND not electrical..."



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NO DEPOSIT. NO REFERENCES REQUIRED. EVEN FROM THOSE WHO ARE NOT HOUSEHOLDERS.

Visit our magnificent showrooms, or, if you are unable to call, our specially trained staff in the Mail Order Department guarantee to fit you to perfection by post.

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"LAWRENCE" VERY SMART ALL-WOOL COAT trimmed Skunk Opossum Collar. Lined Celanese Silk. Colours: Black, Dark Brown, Green, Navy, and all the newest shades. Sizes: S.W., W. and O.S.

PRICE 73/6

No extra charge for Outsizes or Models Made to Measure.

CINTRA PEARLS 16 ins. long with gold clasp complete 10/- only

Write for Autumn Catalogue of Ladies' Fashions—sent Gratis and Post Free—to Dept. A.16.

"LAWRENCE" Yours for First Payment of 10/- Post Free and 10/- MONTHLY

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Smartwear LTD., 263-271, REGENT STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1

THE IDEAL BROWN LOAF

Its golden brown colour and appetising appearance make Bermaline the favourite brown loaf. Baked with the choicest wheaten flour and the finest extract of malt, Bermaline is particularly recommended for all who suffer from digestive troubles.

ASK YOUR BAKER FOR IT

Bermaline IDEAL WHEATEN MALT Bread

B.10

MONTGOMERIE & Co. Ltd. 95, BOTHWELL ST. GLASGOW, C.2.

Your Children!

GUARD their tender skins by using **Cuticura Soap** regularly from the day of birth.

Assist with the **Ointment**, if required, to soothe and heal any irritations.

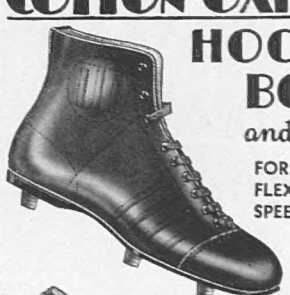
Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

If the game's worth playing – it's worth

COTTON-OXFORD

HOCKEY BOOTS and SHOES

FOR LIGHTNESS, FLEXIBILITY AND SPEED



Made in sizes for ladies and men

The NEW COTTON-OXFORD HOCKEY SHOE FOR LADIES with the PATENT ANKLE BRACING STRAP

SOLD BY SPORTS DEALERS

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COTTON-OXFORD SHOEMAKERS LEICESTER - - - - ENGLAND

MADE INTERNATIONAL by INTERNATIONALS.

Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

"All that Glisters is not Gold."

1830:—"Tho ye carelessness of my commissioner warrants some reprimand, I can scarce bring myself to extort from him ye £250 which is my rightful due. He tells me (and I have never known him to lie) that in ye coach to Epsom he encountered a man who shoutingly offered £250 to £50 against Priam[1] (on which I hear Chifneys[2] have gained some £18,000). I having instructed him to find £2,000 to my £500, he was tempted to accept this offer. Needless to say he never saw ye leg[3] after ye race. And tho he swears his intention to pay me every penny if I give him time, in recognition of his past usefulness I am strongly minded to cancel ye debt."

1. Winner of the Derby in 1830.
2. Sam and Will Chifney, owners of Priam.
3. Period slang for bookmakers.

Lady Angela: "Ah, the dear old boy's in a generous mood to-day. But who exactly *was* this 'commissioner' fellow he refers to?"

Sir Edward: "He was a kind of intermediary. You see, placing a bet at satisfactory odds might well have occupied one for the whole day. So, as my gallant ancestor did in this instance, one often employed a commissioner to do the actual placing of the bet."

Lady Angela: "And did the commissioner get a salary?"

Sir Edward: "No. He was usually paid a certain percentage of the winnings, in return for which he took the responsibility for making the bet and collecting the money."

Lady Angela: "In this particular case he seems to have come a cropper."

Sir Edward: "Yes. In his eagerness to get a better price, he risked the bet with a bookie he didn't know. But I expect such disappointments were fairly common in those days."

Lady Angela: "Well, for me it would take all the pleasure out of racing if I were let down even once. But there's no fear of that happening."

Sir Edward: "Perhaps not, dear, but only because Stuart House is another way of saying 'Safety First'."

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2